

# THE DIAL

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# THE DIAL

**A Fortnightly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.**

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**THE FINE FLOWER OF AMERICAN THOUGHT.**

The five young men of William and Mary College who foregathered on the fifth of December, 1776, to organize the first Greek letter society in America, builded better than they knew. "A happy spirit and resolution of attaining the important ends of society entering their minds," they chose as their emblem a square medal with S. P. engraved on the one side, and Phi Beta Kappa on the other, "for the better establishment and sanctitude of their unanimity." Within a year, the society had grown to a membership of fourteen, and had provided itself with officers, laws, and an oath of fidelity. Such were the modest beginnings of the organization which has since flourished apace, which now includes chapters in eighty-six American institutions of collegiate and university rank, with a living membership of more than thirty thousand men and women, and which for over a century has set admission to its ranks as a shining goal upon which every college student of serious purpose has centred his ambition. The parent idea of the society found so many imitators that the combinations and permutations of the Greek alphabet have been heavily drawn upon to supply the mystic designations needed, and in too many cases the idea has been perverted to serve purposes that are anything but academic, to stand for snobbish exclusiveness or a brummagem college aristocracy; but the Phi Beta Kappa has remained the society of scholarship in the severest sense, and its badge has continued to denote intellectual distinction and nothing else.

The progress of the war caused the society to languish in Virginia, and it was in danger of an early death, when steps were taken for its extension into New England, and the establishment of chapters at Harvard, Yale, and Dartmouth made its future secure. It was the North, and later the West, that gave it enduring vitality, and it is a noteworthy fact that only a dozen of the chapters existing to-day are south of Mason and Dixon's line. When the society gave up its attributes of

secrecy, owing to the anti-masonic agitation of 1826, and abandoned the tomfoolery of oaths and cipher codes, it still further emphasized its unique position among academic organizations, and opened its path to a future growth that would hardly have been possible under the old conditions. The Harvard chapter seems to have been mainly responsible for what has been for more than a century the chief manifestation of Phi Beta Kappa activity—the annual celebration by an oration (and sometimes a poem) in which each branch of the society pays tribute to the ideals of the founders. The early records of Harvard mention an oration in 1788 by John Quincy Adams, then a graduate of twenty; and a poem in 1797, by Robert Treat Paine. Lafayette in 1824, after listening to an oration nearly two hours long by Edward Everett, offered the following toast: "This Antient University, this Literary Society. This Holy Alliance of Learning and Virtue and Patriotism is more than a match for any coalition against the rights of mankind." The Harvard roll alone of orators and poets is almost a catalogue of the chief mountain peaks in the range of American literature, including as it does the names of three Adamses, Ticknor, Emerson, Beecher, Curtis, Phillips, Woodrow Wilson, Bryant, Holmes, Longfellow, and Gilder. For the foregoing facts, together with much other interesting historical material, we are indebted to an article in "The Sewanee Review," by Professor John M. McBryde, Jr., the editor of that quarterly.

How the history of Phi Beta Kappa throughout the nation has justified Lafayette's toast is triumphantly shown in the volume of "Representative Phi Beta Kappa Orations" recently published under the editorship of Professor Clark S. Northup. It is the aim of every chapter, for the occasion of its annual meeting, to obtain for its orator the most eminent man within its reach, and the honor of the invitation is such that it is rarely declined. The speaker feels that something better than his normal best is demanded by the occasion, and strives to emulate the great men who have preceded him in the function. The consequence is that Phi Beta Kappa oratory has now for a century embodied the best thought and the finest powers of expression of the intellectual leaders of the nation, and offers a wealth of material which

American literature treasures as one of its most valuable assets. This is the reason for which we have ventured to characterize the volume now before us as the unfolding of "the fine flower of American thought." Here we have, in a commentary ranging over the greater part of a century, the voice of American idealism in its purest strain, the voice which expresses what the nation is fundamentally thinking upon religion, literature, science, polities, education, and the conduct of life,—in short, upon all the great subjects of human concern. Only an anthology of the noblest American poetry could be equally indicative, in a typical way, of the essential genius of the nation.

The papers here reprinted are twenty-six in number, 1837 and 1910 being, respectively, the earliest and the latest dates. The former year is that of Emerson's stirring Harvard address upon "The American Scholar," our intellectual declaration of independence, which fired the youth of that early generation with the exalted purpose to realize the mission of democracy in the wider spheres of thought and action. The latest date is that of Professor Paul Shorey's Oberlin address upon "The Unity of the Human Spirit," with its calm assurance of refuge for the mind in the fortress which guards the permanent achievements of the human intellect from all the winds of doctrine that buffet its impregnable defences. And between these two dates, how imposing an array of our greatest thinkers is marshalled, and how wide a range of subjects of the first importance is considered! Let a few only of the speakers and their themes be instanced to show what manner of writing is here to be found. Besides the two already mentioned, we have Andrew Preston Peabody on "The Connection between Science and Religion," George William Curtis on "The American Doctrine of Liberty," Francis Andrew March on "The Scholar of To-day," Charles Kendall Adams on "The Relations of Higher Education to National Prosperity," Wendell Phillips on "The Scholar in a Republic," Andrew Dickson White on "Evolution vs. Revolution in Politics," Charles William Eliot on "Academic Freedom," and Woodrow Wilson on "The Spirit of Learning." Here are ten names that stand for our intellectual best, the names of men to whom we can point with confidence that no ill-considered teach-

ing and no unworthy thought will proceed from their lips. And many of the other names are of hardly less weight. If those of Job Durfee and Charles Henry Bell are not exactly household words, those of John Jay Chapman, Bliss Perry, John Franklin Jameson, Josiah Royce, and Barrett Wendell represent men who are held in high esteem as broad-minded and penetrating analysts of our social and intellectual life.

It is only natural that some of the earlier utterances among these orations should show unmistakable signs of "dating." It seems curious to find Horace Bushnell speaking of "the new science of political economy"; and there is an echo from a remote past of ignorance and prejudice in Andrew P. Peabody's remark that "if people choose to admire Voltaire and worship Goethe, none can gainsay them." We are far indeed from the time when the Frenchman might be dismissed as a mere scoffer at things sacred, or the German as an immoral devotee of the cult of self-realization. Even Emerson's great plea for the scholar's individuality and independence seems now a little antiquated. Peabody's suggestion that the "Natural Orders have not in a scientific aspect superseded the Linnaean system" sounds quaint to a modern botanist. When Curtis tells us that "the foundation of liberty in natural right was no boast of passionate rhetoric from the mouths of the fathers," he gives expression to a doctrine that is unfashionable among the young lions of our new political theorizing, although we suspect that he was nearer the truth than they are. And a later critic of literature than F. A. March would hardly make contemptuous reference to "the long-drawn eunuch dallings of Swinburne or Whitman," whatever in March's imagination these may have been. But the substance of even the oldest of these addresses is of the essence of wisdom, because the speakers, true to the ideals of the society, have concerned themselves with the eternal rather than the temporal, and have planted their feet upon the solid foundations of truth.

It is not surprising that Emerson's classical essay on "The American Scholar" should have fixed a type for Phi Beta Kappa orations to which many of his successors have sought to conform. The society stands for scholarship, and the exaltation of the scholarly function. Thus, in the present collection, we find "The

Scholar of To-day," "The Scholar in a Republic," and "The Attitude of the Scholar." Closely related to this theme are, of course, such matters as "Intellectual Leadership in American History," "Humanities Gone and to Come," "Academic Freedom," "The Spirit of Learning," "The Mystery of Education," and "The Unity of the Human Spirit." These are all lights shed upon the function of the scholar in society. The second *Leitmotiv* of the collection is democracy, as instanced by such titles as "The American Doctrine of Liberty," "Evolution vs. Revolution in Politics," "Jefferson's Doctrines under New Tests," "The Hope of Democracy," and "Democracy and a Prophetic Idealism." Science, religion, and social welfare also contribute their themes to the counterpoint of this symphony of idealism. If we are to seek for a text which shall stand for the collective meaning of the volume in its essential attributes, and, indeed, for the underlying thought of all Phi Beta Kappa oratory which is true to type, it will be in Professor Shorey's address on "The Unity of the Human Spirit," which is perhaps the best piece of writing, compact of pregnant wisdom, among all these modern instances. The writer's thesis is "the identity of the highest European thought of the past two or three thousand years," which is practically all the thought that counts for civilization, and his protest is against the notion that there is much that is either new or important in the speculative vagaries of our noisy contemporaries. One of his most valuable suggestions is that our distracted minds would be well-advised to go back to Mill, from whom they may learn "lessons of comprehensive and consecutive thinking, judicial weighing of all considerations pro and con, temperance and precision of expression, and scrupulous fairness to opponents, which they will hardly get from the undigested mixtures of biology, nervous anatomy, anthropology and folklore, answers to *questionnaires*, statistics, and reports from the pedagogical or psychological seminar, with a seasoning of uncritical historical and illiterate literary illustration, that compose the made-to-order text-books of pedagogy, sociology, ethics, and psychology on which their minds are fed." We know of no finer or more persuasive call to the spirit of humanism than is found in the following:

"There is one great society alone on earth, the noble living and the noble dead. That society is and will always be an aristocracy. But the door of opportunity that gives access to it opens easily to the keys of a sound culture, and is closed only to the ignorance and prejudice that fixes our hypnotized vision on the passing phantasmagoria. A certain type of educator is given to denouncing the tyranny of the classics. There is no intellectual tyranny comparable to that exercised over the imagination by the present, the up-to-date, with its incessant panorama of self-representation, its myriad-voiced iteration of itself from the newspapers, the dime magazines, the platforms that mould or enforce the opinions of ninety million men. The new psychologists have coined a question-begging epithet into a pseudo-scientific term, 'misoneism,' or hatred of novelty, to stigmatize the hesitation of culture to accept every popgun of hypothesis as the crack of doom. What Greek compound will do justice to that hatred of the old, that distaste for everything not mentioned in yesterday's newspaper, which seals their minds, and the minds of the generation which they are educating, to so much of the inherited beauty and wisdom of the world? . . . But if, to wrest the old Platonic phrases once more to our purpose, the flux is not all, if the good, the true, and the beautiful are something real and ascertainable, if these eternal ideals reembodiment themselves from age to age essentially the same in the imaginative visions of supreme genius and in the persistent sanity and rationality of the world's best books, then our reading and study are redeemed, both from the obsessions of the hour, and the tyranny of quantitative measures and mechanical methods. The boundless ocean of books is before us, and the courageous reader will make many a bold voyage of discovery to rarely visited shores. But more and more as the years go by will he concentrate his attention on the books that preserve from age to age the precious distillation of the human spirit in its finest flower. They are not so many but that he may in time hope to seek them out and in some sort to know them. They are comparatively few, but

'That few is all the world with which a few  
Doth ever live and move and work and strive.'

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### *"THE NATION'S" JUBILEE.*

The passing of the half-century mark in the life of "The Nation" is an event well worth the attention which it has received. With a circulation small in comparison with that of the popular magazines, an expense to its owners much of the time rather than a source of profit, it has nevertheless been the most powerful and the most healthful single influence in American periodical literature during the period which its life has covered. To have read its pages means to have been brought

into serious contact with every important field of human thought and action, and sooner or later with all the most important workers in those fields. A prominent New Yorker once remarked, whether justly or not does not matter here, that he read a certain paper whenever he wanted absolute intellectual rest. No such remark could ever plausibly be uttered concerning "The Nation." To provoke vital thought on vital questions was the aim of its sponsors from the outset, and that aim has been abundantly realized. And for such a purpose the profession of journalism has produced no more effective pen than that of E. L. Godkin, its first editor. His intellect and energy and character were so inextricably woven into its columns during the first decades of its existence that one might easily make the mistake of thinking of it as his personal organ,—a mistake, because Godkin's work for "The Nation" was always wholly above personal motive.

But Godkin unaided could not have made "The Nation" what it was. The excellent editorial management of Wendell Phillips Garrison, associated with Godkin from the beginning, gave just the setting which the latter's writing needed. It was Garrison who chose the numerous staff of reviewers who lent weight and dignity and continuity to "The Nation's" literary columns, and hundreds of letters are in the hands of these reviewers to-day bearing testimony to the conscientiousness with which his duties as literary editor were performed and to his kindly personal interest in his widely scattered staff. With Godkin and Garrison in control, it is no wonder that "The Nation" drew to its standard a large percentage of the most capable leaders of thought and action in the land. And through its influence on the leaders, it has reached and benefitted multitudes who do not even know of its existence.

The strength of "The Nation" has been that of sincere devotion to high ends, and intelligent management in the pursuit of those ends. This is abundantly brought out in the contributions which fill its Jubilee issue. It is pleasant to know that the passage of its fifty-year mark finds "The Nation" in a position of renewed energy and prosperity, its owners and editors thoroughly devoted to the standards which Godkin and Garrison created for it, and its circulation on the ascending pathway. The efficiency of democracy lies in the willingness of individuals to do just such work as Garrison and Godkin inaugurated, and to inspire others in succession to take hold of that work and maintain it as a permanent institution.

**CASUAL COMMENT.**

A SPUR TO LITERARY EFFORT IN THE SOUTH, where the people seem tolerably content to live their lives without romancing about them in print, has for fifteen years been sedulously applied by the State Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina, which now, under the zealous leadership of Professor Archibald Henderson, shows the world what it is doing in the "Proceedings" of its fifteenth annual session, a notable document that tends to disprove the truth of those famous lines of the bard of South Carolina: "Alas for the South! Her books have grown fewer; She never was much given to literature." That the Old North State has become or is becoming addicted to literature in a creditable measure, is the impression gained from reading the papers (included in these "Proceedings") on North Carolina historians, novelists, ballad literature, poetry, and oratory, North Carolina bibliography for the year, North Carolina's famous "O. Henry," and her late poet laureate, Henry Jerome Stockard. A tablet, with medallion portrait, in memory of William Sidney Porter ("O. Henry") was unveiled in the Hall of History, at Raleigh, where the meetings of the Association were held; the Patterson Memorial Cup for literary achievement was presented to Dr. J. G. de R. Hamilton, whose recent book, "Reconstruction in North Carolina," brought him this honor; an address on "Some Argentine Ideas" was delivered by Ambassador Naon; and from first to last President Henderson was active in promoting the success of the entire series of exercises, his opening paper on "The New North State" sounding an unmistakable note of high-hearted hopefulness and determination. Prominence was given, in the addresses and discussions, to the need of historical study and writing throughout the state, with a view to the production of worthy histories of the counties of North Carolina, only a few of which have yet been made the subject of such study. Outside of Virginia, it would be difficult to point to more creditable endeavor of this literary-historical sort, in any of our southern states, than that which has for more than a decade been led and inspired by Professor Henderson.

• • •

REMINISCENT OF THOREAU and his sturdy though ineffectual protest against what he considered an unjustifiable tax levy, was the prompt refusal, the other day, of Thoreau's most distinguished living fellow-townsman to pay a fine of ten dollars for failing to make

the drainage system of his Concord house tributary to that of the town. For more than a year considerable publicity has attended Mr. Sanborn's resolute defence of his case before the authorities and in the courts of law; and the end is not yet. "I shall die before this case is settled," was the defendant's prophecy as he appealed the question to a higher court on the ground of unconstitutionality in the existing law. There must be many still living who can recall that characteristic manifestation of recalcitrancy which brought the hermit of Walden into close acquaintance with the town lock-up. It was his refusal on one occasion to pay his yearly tax that procured him this inside knowledge, and of course it was on high moral grounds that he took his stand in the matter, with what one suspects to have been a real enjoyment of his brief martyrdom in the supposed cause of justice. As the story goes, when Emerson, upon hearing of his friend's incarceration, hastened to the house of detention and, appearing at the door of Thoreau's cell, sorrowfully demanded of him, "Henry, why do I find you here?" the other promptly rejoined, in a like tone of voice, "Waldo, why do I not find *you* here?" The spectacle of Thoreau in the common jail may well have appeared too incongruous to admit of long continuance; at any rate, some one, probably Emerson himself, effected an early adjustment of the difficulty with the tax-collector, and the prisoner, considerably against his will, found himself at liberty. It is impossible to believe that this later instance of opposition to the constituted authorities of Concord involves any disregard, on the opponent's part, of the best interests of the community; and his picturesque appearance in court as able and fluent counsel in his own defence must breed a rather general desire for the success of his cause.

• • •

THE TRAGIC END OF ARTHUR SEDGWICK, who took his own life on the fourteenth of July in a moment of despondency caused by ill health and other anxieties, has evoked some interesting reminiscences of the man's noteworthy achievements in more than one branch of activity, and his repeated exhibition of the best qualities of mind and heart. Arthur George Sedgwick was born October 6, 1844, in New York, was graduated from Harvard in 1864, entered the volunteer army of the North in the same year, as lieutenant of the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment, fell into the hands of the Confederate forces at Deep Bottom, Virginia, soon afterward, and became acquainted with the interior of Libby Prison,

where he contracted an illness that disabled him for further service in the field. At the close of the war he studied law and practised in Boston until 1872; edited, with Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., "The American Law Review," and about 1875 was admitted to the New York bar. He practised his profession in New York until 1881, but the inclination to literary pursuits seems to have drawn him more and more from the dry technicalities of the law. He joined the editorial staff of "The Nation" and "The Evening Post," and contributed to other journals as well. A course of Lowell Institute lectures on law was delivered by him in 1885-6, and he was Godkin Lecturer at Harvard in 1909. With Mr. F. S. Wait he produced a work on land titles, also wrote "Elements of Damages," edited the fifth edition of his father's "Measure of Damages," assisted in editing the eighth edition of the same treatise, and was one of the authors of "Essays on the Nineteenth Century." But what he gave to the world as a writer cannot be taken as an adequate measure of his ability in letters. His personality stood for far more than his writings. Original and unconventional in his habit of mind, he appears, especially in view of his sad end, as one somewhat too keenly conscious of the ironies of life, too acutely appreciative of the cruel joke played upon man at the moment of his birth.

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NOVELTIES IN LIBRARY ADMINISTRATION, some of them merely experimental and short-lived, and others having the qualities of permanence, come from time to time to the attention of him who is interested in the never-ceasing evolution of "the people's university"—if one may be allowed still to use the hackneyed and often ridiculed but nevertheless serviceable and appropriate Carlyanism. One of the latest of these innovations is described by Dr. Bostwick in his current annual report of the St. Louis Public Library. It is the installation of a public writing room, for correspondence and similar purposes, first in a small upper room designed for study, and then, as the new department gained in popularity, in larger quarters originally designed for the storage of pamphlets, but affording unused space enough for four writing tables accommodating twenty-four persons. Pens, ink, and inexpensive stationery are supplied without charge, while a better quality of paper and envelopes, as well as postage stamps and illustrated library postcards, may be purchased at cost. Furthermore, the attendant in charge "takes dictation, does typewriting and notarial work, and receives orders for

translations from foreign languages, at current rates." Thus the department is made self-supporting, and the public convenience is served. It is true that many libraries have long made a practice of furnishing, in a more or less irregular and haphazard fashion, similar accommodation on request; but an organized and equipped secretarial department is something of recent origin. A word of praise must not be omitted for the rather unusual art features of Dr. Bostwick's report, all contributed by the St. Louis School of Fine Arts (connected with Washington University) and comprising a colored frontispiece and numerous sketches and designs in black-and-white. Nor are there lacking still other features of notable interest in this record of a year's library work.

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STEVENSON AT SARANAC sought, not very successfully, physical reinvigoration, and won, with less of premeditated design, a considerable fraction of his present renown as a writer. It was here that in the winter of 1887-8 he produced most of those admirable essays that made their first appearance in print in "Scribner's Magazine" during the ensuing year, and that include such favorites as "The Lantern-Bearers," "A Christmas Sermon," "Pulvis et Umbris," "Beggars," "Gentlemen," and "A Chapter on Dreams." Here too he conceived the plot and structure of his novel, "The Master of Ballantrae"; and what else of ferment and germination took place in his mind as he walked about the secluded hamlet on the lake, who shall attempt to say? Memorable enough, at any rate, is the fact of his sojourn in that retired nook of the Adirondacks to warrant the erection there of some statue, urn, tablet, bust, or other worthy memento in his name; and therefore the Saranac Lake Stevenson Memorial Committee has been formed to accomplish this end. The noted sculptor, Mr. Gutzon Borglum, has enthusiastically entered into the plan, and will design the proposed memorial as a labor of love, it is announced. Popular subscription is invited for meeting the necessary expenses of the undertaking, and contributions may be sent to Dr. Lawrason Brown, chairman of the committee, at Saranac Lake, New York.

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THE DEATH OF A DICTIONARY-MAKER would ordinarily attract little attention even in the world of letters; for dictionary-makers are, as a class, as obscure as their work is useful. In the death of Sir James A. H. Murray, however, at Oxford, July 27, the learned labors of a distinguished philologist at the head of the

most important lexicographical work ever undertaken in our language are brought to a premature close. It had been his hope to finish before he reached the age of eighty the great "New English Dictionary," commonly known as the Oxford Dictionary, on which he had been engaged since 1888; but with the final volume still in preparation he died at his post two years before the time set for the writing of "Finis" after the last entry under the letter Z. Dr. Murray, as he was known to the world until he became a knight in 1908, was born in 1837 at the little town of Denholm, Roxburghshire; received his academic training at London University and afterward at Balliol College, Oxford; and subsequently was the recipient of honorary degrees in generous number and variety from various seats of learning. His published writings have been almost wholly of a philological character, and are chiefly scattered through the publications of learned societies devoted to his chosen branches of research. But his great work is, of course, the dictionary so ably planned and edited by him with the help of thirty assistant editors for the sorting of the mountains of material submitted by more than fifteen hundred co-workers engaged in the vast amount of reading required in such an enterprise. Dr. Johnson, with his six amanuenses, would in a whole lifetime have made but little headway on so vast a work. Happily, the successful termination of Murray's *magnum opus* is assured by the zeal and ability of his editorial staff and the stability and resources of the Oxford University Press.

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HAROLD SKIMPOLE ONCE MORE comes to our attention in a hitherto unpublished letter which Mr. Clement K. Shorter tells us, in "The Sphere," he recently had the good fortune to acquire, and which he prints for the benefit of his readers. Charles Dickens is the writer, and Leigh Hunt his correspondent, the date of the missive being June 23, 1859, seven years after the perpetration of the notorious caricature to which the first paragraph of the brief letter so lightly refers. That paragraph is as follows: "Believe me, I have not forgotten that matter; nor will I forget it. To alter the book itself, or to make any reference in the preface of the book itself, would be to revive a forgotten absurdity, and to establish the very association that is to be denied and discarded." And yet the world will never deny or discard the association; and how Dickens himself felt about it at an earlier date, when the ink was scarcely dry on the pen that drew the distorted portrait, appears un-

mistakably in a private letter reproduced by Mr. Shorter. Unremorsefully, self-complacently even, Dickens writes to Mrs. Richard Watson of Rockingham Castle: "Skimpole—I must not forget Skimpole—of whom I will proceed to speak as if I had only read him and not written him. I suppose he is the most exact portrait that was ever painted in words! I have very seldom, if ever, done such a thing. But the likeness is astonishing. I don't think it could possibly be more like himself. It is so awfully true that I make a bargain with myself 'never to do so any more.' There is not an atom of exaggeration or suppression. It is an absolute reproduction of a real man. Of course, I have been careful to keep the outward figure away from the fact; but in all else it is the life itself." Here evidently was an instance where the writer should have prayed to be protected from his own excess of cleverness. Significant, in this connection, is the invariably cordial and admiring mention of "my friend Charles Dickens" which occurs in Leigh Hunt's autobiography.

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THE DANA CENTENNIAL, the hundredth recurrence of the day (August 1) on which was born the author of "Two Years before the Mast," has passed with some appreciative mention, here and there, of the early developed talent of the young man who at nineteen, for his health's sake, shipped as a common sailor for the voyage round the Horn, and at twenty-five published, in what has proved one of the best and most popular books of its kind, a detailed account of this seafaring experience. It is his one and sufficient claim to literary immortality; for neither his later volume, "The Seaman's Friend," nor his edition of Wheaton's "International Law," nor anything else from his pen, is ever mentioned in the same breath with his early masterpiece, which was in very truth "a voice from the forecastle," presenting "the life of a common sailor at sea as it really is—the light and the dark together." This book, which has been reprinted no one knows how many times, and which only two or three years ago reappeared in two simultaneous and rather elaborate editions, was sold to its first publishers for \$250, but brought considerably more to its author from its conscientious English re-publisher. Indeed, its success in England among persons of note in literature was most gratifying. Formal celebration of Dana's centennial will be held, somewhat belatedly, under the auspices of the Historical Society of his native town, Cambridge, on the 27th of October, with Mr. Joseph H. Choate, Professor Bliss

Perry, and others as speakers, and Bishop Lawrence as presiding officer. About the same time there will be an exhibition of Dana relics in Harvard's new library.

A NATIONAL HOME FOR THE PUBLISHING AND BOOKSELLING ARTS AND CRAFTS would meet a need that must have been at least vaguely felt for a long time by those engaged in the manufacture and sale of our large and increasing annual product of reading matter of the more respectable sorts. Such a permanent home, like that so successfully maintained in Leipzig by the German book-trade, seems bound to come in the not distant future; and its coming has been hastened, it is to be hoped, by the recent able plea for its establishment in "The Publishers' Weekly," from the pen of Mr. B. W. Huebsch, who would have in the proposed building headquarters for the Authors' League, the Booksellers' League, the Publishers' Co-operative Bureau, the American Booksellers' Association, and other similar organizations. Here, too, the recently started Booksellers' School would have its abode, and here would be maintained a bureau of information for all interested in books and their production, with a competent superintendent at its head. As Mr. Huebsch explains his plan, "the building would be an exchange; all of the agencies engaged in the production and distribution of books, pictures, and music would co-operate, preserving their present identity and autonomy, but acting as a whole when a temporary union seemed desirable." Further practical details are added, so that the whole scheme is made to appear entirely feasible as well as highly desirable; and the home itself, delightful in anticipatory contemplation, is to be architecturally worthy of its high purpose.

THE VIGOR OF RUSTIC SPEECH, such speech as those may hear who spend their summer vacation in the far backwoods and among the mountains, lies largely in the clinging to old forms and idioms that date back perhaps to rugged sixteenth-century days, or even earlier, and have survived the wear and tear of the intervening centuries only by virtue of an exceptional geographical remoteness from the centres of progress and the abodes of unrest. It is in such rural retreats that one still hears the good, mouth-filling possessive pronouns, *hisn* and *hern*, *yourn* and *ourn* and *theirn*, as logically formed as *thine* and *mine*, though no longer countenanced in polite society or in literature. There, too, a healthy preference for strong preterites lingers, and is responsible for the diction of the small boy who tells

how he "clum" up a tree, or "whup" his schoolmate, or "fotch" the doctor to minister to grandpa's "rheumatiz." In the current "Harper's Monthly" is published an interesting account of linguistic and other usages in "Shakespeare's America," by Mr. William Aspenwall Bradley. By "Shakespeare's America" is meant the secluded region of the Cumberland Mountains where speech and custom have suffered little modification from the changing fashions of the world at large. There, for example, present participles enjoy all the rights and privileges of adjectives, including the ability to express degrees of comparison by adding the regular endings. Mrs. Jones may be the "talkinest" woman in town, or Lucy Lindsay the "smilingest" girl ever seen. One Cumberland Mountain matron was being complimented on her skill in knitting as she followed the rough country roads or climbed the steep trails. "Oh, that's nothin'!" she exclaimed, deprecatingly. "Now ther's Aunt Mandy. She's the *knittingest* woman ever I saw. She takes her yarn to bed with her ever' night, and ever' now and then she throws out a sock."

JAPAN'S ANNUAL BOOK-TRADE is increasing, as a writer in "The Japan Times" notes with satisfaction, though he is pained to observe the subordinate place it still holds in commerce when compared with the traffic in alcoholic beverages of various sorts; and he casts an eye of envy upon the much larger sale of reading matter that this country can boast—larger *per capita* as well as in the total. Books of all sorts, except school textbooks, have a yearly sale in Japan amounting to about three million *yen*, or half as many dollars; magazines show an equal circulation; elementary schoolbooks are in demand to the extent of two million three hundred thousand *yen*; and textbooks for the intermediate schools call for an annual outlay of about half as much. What the high schools and colleges have to say in regard to textbook-purchase is not recorded by the "Times." This yearly disbursement of almost ten million *yen* for literature is creditable, though we must remember that Japan's population is fifty-six millions, so that an average of only fifteen *sen* is spent annually on reading matter by the Japanese man, woman, or child. Seven cents a year will not buy much of a library.

LEXICOGRAPHY IN WAR AND PEACE continues sedately to pursue its appointed course. Indeed, it is in times of war more than in years of peace that lexicographical industry should be in requisition. Language is never more

briskly in the making than during such times as these, as every newspaper reader has abundant cause to know. And so we cease to wonder that the makers of the great Oxford Dictionary allow themselves no vacation on account of current conditions in Europe, and we read without surprise in the Paris "Figaro" that "the French Academy devoted yesterday's session to its work on the French Dictionary"—a work that has gone on, with little interruption, for nearly three centuries, while empires rose and fell and dynasties succeeded one another, and will continue to go on as long as there shall be a French nation and a French language. German armies may come and go, may surge to the gates of Paris and roll back again; but the French Dictionary goes on forever.

THE INDUCTION OF CHILDREN INTO BOOKLAND calls for tact and skill, and often for inexhaustible patience and an abundant store of kindness. It was fourteen years ago that the art and science of this branch of modern librarianship received full recognition in the establishment of a training school for children's librarians at the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, this school being the outgrowth of a training class formed the year before for the preparation of young women to serve in the juvenile department of that library. It is supported by an endowment fund given by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and in its plan and purpose it has had many imitators on a smaller scale, chiefly in the form of training classes connected with public libraries or library schools. The Pittsburgh school enjoys the advantage of an immediate environment embracing juvenile representatives of almost every European nationality, and there are eight branch libraries as well as the central library for the active prosecution of this kind of work among the children of the city. Thus is furnished a vast laboratory for purposes of practice, and it is not surprising to learn that the school attracts pupils from far beyond the borders of its own community. A full account of its work is given in the "Circular of Information" which it issues in this its fifteenth year.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TSINGTAU has only a prospective existence at present, but if the plans of prominent Japanese educators, aided by certain men of wealth in both Japan and China, and with the support of leading scholars in the two countries, are carried out, we shall ere long see the tenets of Confucianism taught where not long before the principles of Teutonic militarism were undergoing demon-

stration. It is urged by the promoters of this laudable enterprise that as Shantung is the native province of the great Chinese philosopher, it is eminently fitting that it should have a university devoted to the study of Confucianism and of the Chinese classics in general. Count Okuma is said to favor the plan, and such a noted scholar as Dr. Unokichi Hattori, who is to lecture at Harvard next term, is also interested. Among other signs of a sort of revival of learning in this part of the far East, there is remarked a quickening of interest in current philosophic thought. Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindu poet and philosopher who has already won many disciples and admirers in Europe and America, is expected to visit Japan in October and expound the principles of his philosophy. In fact, an impulse that might be called a Tagore movement is now said to be manifest in Japan. Such signs of intellectual activity are more than welcome in days like these.

BOOK-COLLECTING WHILE YOU WAIT is promised on the most reasonable terms and with the utmost promptness by a certain western firm which wishes it to be known that "every book in any language, new or old, published either in this country or abroad, may be obtained through us at a moderate price"—a joyful bit of news, surely, for all collectors not in the multimillionaire class. Furthermore: "We know no such word as fail! Nearly every man of intelligence wants some book which he cannot find. We make it our business to hunt up such books and get you any book printed anywhere at any time. The longer you have looked for the same without success, the better it will suit us, as you will be all the more pleased with our services. We have filled thousands of orders for books which could not have been supplied by ordinary booksellers. Sometimes it may take months to trace a book which is 'out of print,' but we emphatically wish to state to the book-buying public that it would be a waste of time to ask if we can furnish a certain book. Send your money (or if price is unknown, \$1.00 to \$2.00 on account) and the book will be forwarded to your address, or if not in stock, ordered for you, otherwise the amount paid will be returned." What a chance to secure, "at a moderate price," John Eliot's Indian Bible, for example, or a first folio Shakespeare!

THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE, otherwise known as the Craigie mansion, famous as Washington's headquarters in early Revolutionary days and as the home of the author of "Evangeline" during most of his forty-six years' residence in

Cambridge, is ere long to become a memorial "for the benefit of the public," as was lately learned through the filing of the will of the recently deceased Mrs. Richard Henry Dana (Edith Longfellow Dana), daughter of the poet. Another daughter, Miss Alice Longfellow, at present occupies the house; but as soon as there shall cease to be any Longfellow heir desirous of making such domiciliary use of the historic mansion, it is to be dedicated to the free use of the public as a Longfellow museum, or Longfellow memorial, with suitable provision for its maintenance. Thus this praiseworthy intention will be realized before many years, and what is one of the most interesting eighteenth-century houses in America will open its doors without restraint to visitors.

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

##### BRYANT AND "THE NEW POETRY." (To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

What constitutes the perishable and what the imperishable element—or elements—in poetry? The question is perennial. It has been asked and answered innumerable times, but still it confronts the poetry lover; who, howsoever much light he may seek or find upon the subject, is always, in the end, obliged to answer it anew for himself. That is, if he be truly a poetry lover. If his love for it is mere lip-service, it is quite otherwise,—for then the anthologists and the appreciators are at his elbow to settle the matter for him without further ado.

Nowadays, it must be allowed, there is a multitude of counsellors, and those disinclined to think or to feel, to weigh or to ponder, are blessed with an infinitude of opportunities for having such things done for them, the results of these operations being dealt out on demand, by the yard or by the pound, and served over the counter as is any other merchandisable commodity. Some of them, too, are very attractively done up; and while the contents of the carton may not invariably be all that the label incites the purchaser to suppose, it is an old story that predigested pabulum is not intended for hearty appetites. Moreover, expectation and fulfilment never have been and never will be any more necessarily synonymous in a literary than in any other sense.

Some such thoughts as these came unsummoned to my mind one evening not long ago when it was my privilege to hear the "what's what" of poetry expounded by no less an authority than Miss Harriet Monroe. She was addressing a large assemblage of presumed poetry-lovers, and was speaking upon a variety of verse in which, presumably, their interest, like her own, was intense—namely, "The New Poetry." Her expression of opinion was, therefore, devoid of dissembling or weak concession. Perhaps, though, the term "expression of opinion" is inadequate as applied to her remarks, for they were rather a statement of doe-

trine, a promulgation of law, than a mere outline of idea or theory. Miss Monroe stated, without hesitation, that the "new poetry movement" in America was the most important thing in the literary world to-day; and that this so-momentous "movement" had originated in the sanctum of her magazinelet, "Poetry." I gathered that, something as Dr. Franklin, upon a celebrated occasion, sent up a kite and brought down the lightning among an astounded populace, Miss Monroe sent up "Poetry" and brought down "the new poetry." Apparently, also, her experiment was fully as electrical as that of the Doctor. For later in the evening, when one of the stars in the "new poetry's" firmament, Mr. Carl Sandberg, delivered two original poems, entitled, respectively, "Bobby Burns" and "Billy Sunday," the thrills which his recitation—*or*, to speak more correctly, reading—produced far exceeded many that I have seen evoked by the application of the galvanic battery.

Miss Monroe was also kind enough to throw some explicit and, so-to-speak, ex-officio illumination upon the newness which is the distinguishing trait of "the new poetry." Incidentally, of course, she found it expedient to animadvert upon the oldness of other poetry. In doing so—again of course—it was necessary to exhibit a Horrible Example, and the one that she selected was William Cullen Bryant.

I cannot pretend to recall more than the drift, the purport, of Miss Monroe's references to Bryant,—but among other things that she said were these: That she had spent a considerable portion of that very day in re-reading Bryant, and, with his best work thus fresh in mind, she felt compelled to state that, of his entire copious poetical output, there were only two pieces which "would live." These pieces, she said, were "Thanatopsis" and "To a Water-fowl." But she qualified this flat by adding that the "Water-fowl" was "doubtful," as in certain respects it was "very faulty." But, at any rate, these were the only two poems of Bryant's, she declared, that, under any circumstances, she would think of accepting for publication in "Poetry," were they contemporaneously composed and offered to her for that purpose.

It was quite like the "Off-with-his-head-so-much-for-Buckingham" line that Colley Cibber, they say, wrote into "Richard III," and more than a few of Miss Monroe's hearers turned to each other with subdued oh's and ah's. But they felt conscious that, while perhaps participating in something almost sacrilegious, from the poetical point of view, they had been "in at the death," just the same; also that, in the language of the street, they were being "put wise to the real thing." And many fair hands were clapped in applause by ladies present—of whom, I have an idea, more than a few, in times it would be impolite to say how long past, had recited from the rostrum "The Death of the Flowers" as typical of what they then considered most beautiful and most moving in American verse.

Bryant, then, is poetically "a dead one." Miss Monroe has said so, and Miss Monroe knows. She

spoke in behalf of Time, and with an accent that betrayed her intimate familiarity with that hoary functionary. But the only trouble was that she did not go far enough. For instance, I at least would have felt grateful if she had singled out those poems, let us say, of Mr. Sandberg's, which "would live." Or, for that matter, any others which have appeared in "Poetry" to date. I have read it pretty regularly, and my uncertainty regarding such items is so utter that a little enlightenment from Miss Monroe would have been to me as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

While, just as Baudelaire invented décadence, Mallarmé symbolism, Poe the grotesque and arabesque, and Hugo romanticism, "the new poetry" was invented in the sanctum of "Poetry," as Miss Monroe unequivocally declared, she did at least by inference assert that the patron saint of the "movement" was Walt Whitman,—that if any one "great influence" was the springboard from which its practitioners took their flying leap into the poetical empyrean, it was that of Walt. This being so, it occurred to me to turn to what Walt had said of Bryant — for I remembered, although I could not recall its precise phrasing, that it was not at all like what Miss Monroe had said. I find it to be as follows (see "Specimen Days": "My Tribute to Four Poets"):

"In a late magazine one of my reviewers, who ought to know better, speaks of my 'attitude of contempt and scorn and intolerance' toward leading poets — of my 'deriding' them, and preaching their 'uselessness.' If anybody cares to know what I think — and have long thought and avow'd — about them, I am entirely willing to propound. . . . Bryant pulsing the first interior verse-throbs of a mighty world — bard of the river and wood, ever conveying a taste of open air, with scents as from hayfields, grapes, birch-borders — always lurking fond of threnodies — beginning and ending his long career with chants of death, with here and there through all, poems or passages of poems, touching the highest universal truths, enthusiasms, duties — morals as grim and eternal, if not as stormy and fateful, as anything in Æschylus."

Such was Whitman's tribute to Bryant. It does not strikingly resemble that of the editress of "Poetry"; but, somehow, it seems to come nearer "touching the highest universal truths, enthusiasms, duties" of poetry.

To me, I must also confess, the selection of Bryant as a Horrible Example by propagandists of the "new poetry" is singularly ill-judged. For is it not both illogical and unjust that an exponent of *vers libre* and allied affairs should "knock" a poet who, generations before most "new poets" were born, himself wrote:

No smooth array of phrase,  
Artfully sought and ordered though it be,  
Which the cold rhymers lays  
Upon his page with languid industry,  
Can wake the listless pulse to livelier speed,  
Or fill with sudden tears the eyes that read.  
  
The secret wouldest thou know  
To touch the heart or fire the blood at will?  
Let thine own eyes overflow;  
Let thy lips quiver with the passionate thrill;  
Seize the great thought, ere yet its power be past,  
And bind, in words, the fleet emotion fast.

"Then, should thy verse appear  
Halting and harsh, and all unaptly wrought,  
Touch the crude line with fear,  
Save in the moment of impassioned thought;  
Then summon back the original glow, and mend  
The strain with rapture that with fire was panned."

Still, I think Miss Monroe was entirely correct when she declared the unfitness of Bryant's poetry for her publication. As Walt says, it "ever conveys a taste of the open air" — and if there is anything that the verse printed in "Poetry" does not convey, it is precisely that quality. "The new poetry" is, manifestly, manufactured in sanctums, as was the "movement" that it features. Hence, the thought of anything of Bryant's in the pages of "Poetry" is indeed impossible. And, by the way, what, oh, what, do you suppose Walt would have thought of Miss Monroe's magazine if he had lived to see it?

JOHN L. HERVEY.

*Chicago, July 27, 1915.*

#### RESULTS OF THE WISCONSIN SURVEY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The words "once more" in the title given by you to Dean Comstock's letter in your issue of July 15, "The Wisconsin Survey Once More," recall how quickly even students tire of controversy over things that can be settled.

It is on this fact that the University counted from the first. For a time it wavered between the policy adopted by the normal schools, that is, admitting the truth and proceeding to correct defects, and the other policy of standing pat, denying everything, and diverting attention from defects of the University to personalities of surveyors.

When a dean of a graduate school of a university with international reputation makes a statement, readers of THE DIAL naturally expect that this statement is truthful as well as scholarly. Dean Comstock writes that the State Board of Public Affairs failed to adopt the report of survey investigators, wrote a report of different tenor, and substantially repudiated the Survey findings. Casual examination will show that the conclusion is contrary to fact. The State Board agreed with the Survey in all but three of the matters touched upon by both the Survey and the State Board. It disagreed on trifling matters only: (1) substitution of state pensions for Carnegie pensions; (2) substitution of Madison-owned for University-owned high school; (3) substitution of optional for compulsory military drill. In other matters the State Board supported the Survey, — *inter alia*:

1. Research is unsupervised and needs to be supervised. *p. 12.*
2. Social sciences have not grown with the University. *p. 14.*
3. More practical field work is needed. *p. 14.*
4. Supervision of instructors is inadequate and needs to include class-room visiting. *p. 16.*
5. Student adviser system not as effective as it might be and needs strengthening. *p. 17.*
6. Junior colleges are needed and are practical. *p. 28.*
7. University should discontinue high school inspection for purposes of accrediting and should

continue it for the sole purpose (the board said) of improving the quality of instruction in the subjects each community decides to place in its high school. p. 31.

8. Regular courses leading to graduation and degrees without foreign language requirements should be established. p. 32.

9. Students have too little contact with the older and stronger men on the faculty. p. 32.

10. Further attention to organization and administration of Wisconsin high school is needed. p. 33.

11. Only such small classes should be continued as are fully justified upon investigation. p. 34.

12. Better organization and more systematic management of the Extension Division are needed and the instructional force should be strengthened. p. 36.

13. The University has failed to follow rigidly the legislative requirements in giving preference when allotting dormitory accommodations to students in this state. p. 62.

14. A high percentage of non-use of certain classrooms is shown. p. 62.

15. Accounting system is not in accordance with modern business methods. pp. 124, 126.

16. Some few members of the faculty have taken unwarranted advantage of the opportunity offered them for outside work, and their service to the University has been impaired through a division of their interest. p. 15.

Do these statements from the State Board's report look like wholesale endorsement of the University's efficiency and like repudiation of fact reports showing in what particular places inefficiency exists?

A similar discrepancy between fact and Dean Comstock's report will be found at whatever point the reader cares to follow up Dean Comstock's statement. The thesis which he says I wrongly referred to as plagiarized covers a ground that was incomparably better covered in a thesis submitted to the University of Paris in 1876. One chapter of it is taken almost verbatim from an English work, with the scant acknowledgment that the chapter is based upon that work. The fact that eastern scholars found the work satisfactory means absolutely nothing until the readers of THE DIAL know whether those scholars had seen the works upon which it was based and had critically read the thesis itself. If the Columbia professors who liked the thesis read it with no greater care than the Wisconsin professor who approved it their liking is meaningless. If they approved it after reading Pigeonneau's thesis of 1876 and Colvin's Godfrey, so much the worse for Columbia scholarship. If they approved it without reading these works, again so much the worse for Columbia scholarship.

The fact is that there is not one of these eight theses which a Harvard professor would be willing to send to Paris, Berlin, or Oxford as a fair sample of American scholarship.

The history of the thesis now admitted to be technically plagiarized is more sordid than any experience I had in ten years' dealings with Tammany Hall. Dean Comstock first wrote a blanket

denial: the thesis was admirable, absolutely original in a field entirely lacking in secondary sources. When these statements were proved to be untrue, he secondly wrote in the Survey report that only a small part of the thesis was plagiarized. Now he writes to THE DIAL that considerable portions were given without proper reference. The fact is, and he knows it and the president knows it and the two regents who compared this work with original sources know it, that the thesis was from cover to cover paste and scissors work taken from other sources with a brazenness that would cause the University to drop a freshman.

Is there not some reader of THE DIAL who is interested enough in the nation-wide aspects of this situation to make a personal inspection of this thesis and of the Galland thesis above referred to and of the other six theses? If so, I will pay his board in Madison and all travelling expenses if he does not report that the Survey understated rather than overstated the scholarship deficiencies of these theses, provided that Dean Comstock will pay for board and travelling expenses if such student reports that we overstated these deficiencies.

*Madison, Wis., July 30, 1915.* WM. H. ALLEN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The communication printed above, of which I have seen an advance proof, furnishes an excellent illustration of certain methods characteristic of the Allen Survey. The incautious reader who is tempted to infer an official approval of the Allen report from the sixteen to three comparison above made should turn to pp. 909-926 of the report cited. He will there find set forth, in all the pomp of serial numbers, 339 separate recommendations made by Mr. Allen to the State Board of Public Affairs. If we assume nineteen of these to be accounted for by Mr. Allen's foregoing exposition of the case, shall we infer that the remaining 320 constitute the material to which reference is made in the Findings of the Board of Public Affairs, under the heading, "Conclusion" p. 36 of the official volume? This reference is as follows: "Absence from this report of specific recommendations relative to any matter commented upon by any investigator employed by this board is not to be construed as an endorsement of his views. In several particulars the Board of Public Affairs does not accept either the conclusions or findings of one or the other of the investigators employed by it; but either because of want of full information or for other satisfactory reasons this board withholds specific recommendations."

One must admire the optimism with which the surveyor contemplates the waste-basket to which ninety-five per cent of his recommendations are consigned, and which regards the following finding of the State Board as confirmation of his charges: "That the administration of the institution has been of a superior order is evidenced by the position the University of Wisconsin holds."

*Ab uno discere omnes.* GEORGE C. COMSTOCK,  
Dean of the Graduate School.  
*University of Wisconsin, Aug. 7, 1915.*

## THE WISCONSIN THESES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Let me express my appreciation of the spirit of fairness you exhibit in printing simultaneously in your columns two such diverse views of the University of Wisconsin Survey as Dean G. C. Comstock, of the Graduate School of the University of Wisconsin, and Margaret A. Friend, of Milwaukee, present in your issue of July 15.

I personally was one of the number who reported on doctors' theses accepted and approved of by the University of Wisconsin. I was amazed at the triteness, the mediocrity, the superficiality, and the dishonesty of the work. The author of one of these theses dealt with the history of a great family during the time of the Crusades, as treated in a cycle of poems produced in the Middle Ages. The following are some of the things that appeared in the course of my work:

I. The author's thesis served no purpose in the world of scholarship; it was merely the duplication of the work of a French scholar, who in 1876 presented a thesis on the same subject before the University of Paris. The French scholar's handling of the subject was infinitely more comprehensive and incomparably more brilliant than that of the Wisconsin man.

II. The Wisconsin man incorporated bodily into his thesis a section of an introduction to a prose work in English. This extract forms an integral part of his thesis, constituting a whole chapter. It consisted of an historical sketch of the main character treated in his thesis. Dozens of accounts of the hero's life were available, but this account happened to be of just the right length to serve as a chapter in his thesis.

III. The whole of the thesis of 120 pages — if we leave out the 20 blank pages that are numbered — is merely a technical exercise to prove the author a linguistic virtuoso in three old Romance languages: Old French, Old Spanish, and Old Italian. Seven of the nine texts used by the author were in Old French, only one text in Old Spanish and that in prose — the thesis purported to be a "Poetic History," — and the other one in Old Italian, of which a half dozen good translations exist. The two latter texts are treated only cursorily by the author.

IV. Not a statement occurs in the last chapter of the thesis, termed "Conclusion," that cannot be found in the thesis of the French author written in 1876. Many statements are translated verbatim without giving the French scholar credit. The style of the thesis does not yield a trace of brilliancy; and the observations, the conclusions, and in fact the whole, of the thesis fails to show a single gleam of originality. And this is the type of work that the great University of Wisconsin accepts as an original contribution, and rewards the perpetrator with the highest possible reward of scholarship, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy!

Every statement made here can be readily substantiated by detailed and concrete proof. When the borrowed and unaccredited sections were read aloud to two of the regents, Dean Comstock and

the head of the department concerned, the regents were convinced of the validity of the criticisms. Later, in the final Survey report, I was surprised to discover that the "lifted" chapter above referred to is called an "*annex*" to the thesis by the University! As late as July 1, 1915, not a sign existed to show that the author regarded it as such.

DAVID E. BERG.

*Madison, Wis., Aug. 5, 1915.*

## MR. ALLEN AND THE WISCONSIN FACULTY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your issue of July 15 is a letter signed Margaret A. Friend, defending Mr. W. H. Allen's Survey of the University of Wisconsin. Its essential point is the following: "The University . . . wanted a report . . . as a few in authority wished it to be seen. It got a report as the six hundred faculty members saw it."

Though Mr. Allen's methods, purposes, standards, and findings, as investigator, educator, and efficiency expert, have been extensively canvassed in the intellectual press of America — notably in the New York "Evening Post," "The Nation," and THE DIAL, "the six hundred faculty members" have heretofore expressed their opinion only in private. Thus your correspondent's statement may well suggest to some readers a new and important aspect of the subject; administrative tyranny, whether of president, deans, or board of trustees, over an oppressed and voiceless faculty has often been alleged and sometimes proved in the university world of America. Is Mr. Allen, then, fighting for such "six hundred faculty members" at Madison? No, and absolutely no.

But it has become Mr. Allen's policy to attempt to enlist, or to pretend to have enlisted, the faculty against the administration. A cardboard folder, dated May 28, 1915, and signed by Mr. Allen, entitled "Open Letter to Faculty Members of the University of Wisconsin," begins thus: "In your name a new glossary of vituperation is being created; 'academic freedom' at the University of Wisconsin is being so defined as to prohibit free and impersonal consideration of opportunities for increasing efficiency," etc. The whole lengthy document is a masterpiece of folly, and was so adjudged, I fancy, by every one of "the six hundred" who took time from better things to peruse it.

All "the six hundred" filled out the elaborate questionnaires on which a part of Mr. Allen's report was subsequently based, only to find their evidence in many cases misunderstood or curiously manipulated. Later, a large number of those "six hundred" directly coöperated, by written memoranda or by oral conference, in furnishing the materials from which was made up that scholarly, keen-witted, and high-minded rejoinder, the appendix entitled "Comment by Committee of University Faculty upon Report of Investigators." Note, indeed, the significant words, "Committee of University Faculty" — not Miss Friend's "few in authority."

Moreover, the present writer, through many months of pretty wide contact and conversation, has not heard from a single colleague one word of

defence or even of apology for Mr. Allen's work. Whatever useful details of criticism may be found here and there in its voluminous pages, as a whole Mr. Allen's report, while certainly an attack upon "the few in authority," is still more certainly an attack upon the entire faculty. But it is chiefly an attack upon university ideals and the yet broader principles of candor, justice, and intelligence.

The above statement has been read to a representative group of university colleagues; they unite in the hope that THE DIAL may give it the fullest publicity.

W. E. LEONARD.

*University of Wisconsin, July 22, 1915.*

[It is not practicable, nor do we feel that it would be profitable, to allow this discussion to continue further in our columns, and the correspondence must therefore close with the publication of the letters printed above.—EDITOR.]

#### AN IMAGIST TO THE DEFENCE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

My attention has been drawn to an article in your issue of June 24, entitled "Recent Poetry." The author of this review takes exception to the preface of my book of verse, "Irradiations." As he has taken the trouble, in a series of dogmatic statements, to deny about everything I wrote in that preface, surely it is only fair to me to permit me to undogmatically defend myself. Let the public be the judge between us.

First of all, Mr. Alden assumes that in my preface to "Irradiations" I was speaking of the theories of the Imagists as a group. Surely he should have known that I was doing nothing of the sort. The preface to "Some Imagist Poets" contains all that the Imagists desire to hazard concerning themselves collectively. The preface to "Irradiations" is purely a personal utterance.

Mr. Alden next says that the art of poetry in English-speaking countries is not in a greatly backward state. That is a question of Mr. Alden's taste—or rather, of the scope of his reading, about which he tells us nothing.

"Poets have not attempted to make of their craft a Masonic secret, declaring that rhythm is not to be analyzed." Apparently, then, many English poets have written technical treatises on rhythm! Yet I know of only three who have tackled this subject: Poe, Lanier, and Robert Bridges. If Mr. Alden knows of more, he should enlighten my ignorance.

"It is not true that each line of a poem represents a single breath." Then what does it represent? Why should there be any rhythmical unit at all, if the breath of the bard or reciter is not to be taken into account?

"Every poet of eminence has not felt the fatiguing monotony of regular rhyme." It depends on how you class eminence. Milton says Satan was raised "to that bad eminence."

"Shakespeare did not abandon rhyme in his maturer period (that is, in lyrical verse)." Does Mr. Alden seriously suppose that Shakespeare, when he was writing "The Tempest," said to himself: "Go to! this is sung by Ariel; I must write

lyrical verse, and lyrical verse must rhyme"; and later: "Hold! this is spoken by Prospero; hence it is not lyrical and must be in blank verse"? Does Mr. Alden suppose this? I have a problem, then, for his solution. Which is more lyrical, Ariel's "Ding dong bell" or Prospero's "Leave not a ruck behind"?

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

*Bay View, Mich., July 27, 1915.*

I am glad to see some further discussion by Mr. Fletcher of the matters touched on in his Preface, and should also enjoy pursuing the subject of two or three of them; but it is clear that this cannot be done, except with more of assertion than proof, in the incidental space appropriate to the discussion of my review. A note or two of explanation may be added. It is quite true that the question whether the art of English poetry is in a greatly backward state is largely one of taste and judgment. I can only say, therefore, that my own impression is shared by all the competent judges with whom I am acquainted, to the effect that the past few years have shown a marked and growing revival of poetry as a vital expression of contemporary thought in England and America, and that an encouraging amount of decidedly creditable verse is finding both publication and sale. Perhaps I may claim some liberality in adding that I find evidence of the same thing even in the "new poetry," which I do not greatly admire, since it implies that an increasing number of persons, including some with no great rhythmical endowment, are turning to poetry as a means of sincere and serious expression.

If in saying that "poets have attempted to make of their craft a Masonic secret." Mr. Fletcher meant only that they have not written many treatises on versification, I shall not press my denial. But I know of none who have not welcomed opportunities to discuss the subject and to give hints to younger men regarding their understanding of the rhythmical art. This is particularly true of two such great progressive metrists as Coleridge and Tennyson.

I cannot answer the question, What does each line of a poem represent if not a single breath? except by saying that it represents an arbitrary art pattern, like a unit of decoration on a Greek pediment, or the pitch intervals in the tempered scale. Various eccentric theories have been suggested, from time to time, connecting our rhythmic types with the breath,—as in the effort to conjecture why one race prefers longer lines than another, or rhythm of fours rather than threes, and the like; but no authority on prosody accepts any of these. But here let me ask, if we assume that each line of verse does represent a breath,

is not the art of *vers libre* alarmingly unhygienic, in tending to develop such irregular breathing as it implies?

Mr. Fletcher appears to have understood me to say that Shakespeare never used unrhymed verse for lyrical passages. I should be very far from making such a statement, or even from undertaking to answer the difficult question just what a lyrical passage is. The matter concerned was Mr. Fletcher's statement that in his maturer period Shakespeare abandoned rhyme. Now the only change which is known to Shakespearean criticism, in the poet's use of rhyme, is his dropping of the early fashion of using it in dramatic speech. His later plays are peculiarly rich in rhymed lyrics, and there is not the slightest evidence that he ever wearied of rhyme for ordinary lyrical purposes. Neither, so far as I know, has any eminent English poet save one—Milton—given evidence of a distaste for regular rhyme in his maturer years. It is harmless for any private person to dislike regular rhyme and to abandon it, and quite unnecessary that he should twist metrical theory and history in his defence.—THE REVIEWER.]

#### THE AUTHOR OF "PONTEACH."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have read with much interest the review by Mr. William B. Cairns, in your issue of July 15, of the reprint of "Ponteach," edited by Mr. Allan Nevins and published by the Caxton Club of Chicago. Of the author of "Ponteach," Robert Rogers, a celebrated Ranger during the French and Indian War, Mr. Cairns says: "It is difficult to see how a man completely sunk in dissipation could have attained the self-culture which Rogers shows."

I am sure it would be a favor if Mr. Cairns or somebody else would point out to the students of this period of our history any evidence to prove that Rogers was a man of culture.

It is at least my own opinion that Rogers's "Journals" and his "Concise Account" were written by some hack writer in London, who secured his information from Rogers or from Rogers's note-books. Anyone who will take the trouble to consult the "Documentary History of the State of New York," Vol. II., p. 205, etc., will see from Rogers's reports of his scouting expeditions as there printed, presumably from the originals, that he was so illiterate that he could not even spell his own name correctly—at least not all the time,—and some of the simplest words in the language were misspelled.

W. H. S.

New York City, July 23, 1915.

[As I wished to make plain in my review, my interest in "Ponteach" is in the literary values and relationships of the play, and on matters of historical and biographical research I speak purely as a layman. The journals of

Rogers's scouting expeditions in 1755, to which your correspondent refers, seem to me to show neither more nor less of crudity than might be expected in the work of a man with Rogers's lack of early training. This same ranger, whose orthography in 1755 so shocks your correspondent, was apparently able ten years later to impress favorably the social, official, and military circles of London, and to win, without money and in the face of strong American opposition, an important appointment. He was also the author, or at the very least was believed by those who knew him to be the author, of two prose works and a verse drama which show some slight acquaintance with books as well as with life; and his manuscript letters and journals of later date which I am able to examine in the library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin are not in penmanship, wording, or even in spelling the work of a man who could be called illiterate. This development indicates what I called "self-culture," though I should not quarrel in defence of the term. My argument was that it made against the contention that Rogers was wholly given over to low vice.

When I wrote I was not aware that the authorship of the "Journals" and the "Concise Account" was seriously questioned. I note that your correspondent, though he speaks without apparent hesitation of "the author of 'Ponteach,' Robert Rogers," expresses the opinion that Rogers did not write the prose works named. Doubtless Mr. Nevins would be glad, as I should, of any substantial evidence in support of this somewhat peculiar view. It would require more than the inconsistent spelling in the journals of Rogers's scouting days to have much weight.—THE REVIEWER.]

#### AUTHORS AND KNIGHTHOOD.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It is not my place or desire to criticize, but as a regular reader of THE DIAL I feel constrained to utter a feeble protest against the tone of the editorial paragraph, "Plumed Knights," in your issue of July 15.

It seems trivial and foreign to your practice to decry any time-honored custom of any land, much less the one that holds first place in the production of the best in literature. While we in America may have but little regard for knighthood, should we not at least respect it as being an outward sign of the appreciation of a people, bestowed by royalty though it may be, for one who has done something worthy? Since the authors of to-day accept this honor, we are not justified in belittling it, but should rather esteem it because of their acceptance.

NOEL A. DUNDARDE.

Chicago, July 28, 1915.

## The New Books.

### A BREVIARY FOR CRITICS.\*

Close upon the heels of Mr. Brownell's critical credo, recently reviewed in these pages, follows the manifesto of Mr. George Edward Woodberry, who takes rank with Mr. Brownell himself, Professor Irving Babbitt, and Mr. Paul Elmer More among the most conspicuous critics in America to-day. Like Mr. Brownell, Mr. Woodberry combines a kindly attitude toward the later modes of impressionism and appreciation with an eager desire to hold fast to the best in the old magisterial conception. He weighs and sifts the historical method for its dross of death and its life-gold, and he passes on to a sober but hymnlike adoration of art in its immortality which is perhaps the most exalting prose of its special kind since Shelley's "Defence of Poetry."

In his first essay, Mr. Woodberry reminds us of an alluring conception of criticism as re-creation, but sets such a definition aside for a space while he considers how far the historical critic may understand a work of art as it was in another nation and in a dim past without re-creating it and thereby inevitably adding to it the color of his own personality. Mr. Woodberry calls upon us to remember Taine with admiration, but to make the large generalizations of the French critic more valid by putting against them the psychological critic's absorption in the individual (with a passing frown at the modern habit for hounding out the abnormal as essential in genius). A third group, "a hybrid of the sociologists and the psychologists," has arisen to dwell on great personalities amidst a maze of influences from nations and epochs, making criticism "an anatomy of texts." Criticism seems to draw "ever further away from the work of art itself; it leaves the matter of life, which art is, for the matter of knowledge." Should we not then take warning and accept after all the definition formulated by recent critics? Can we re-create, however, and re-create "the work of art as it was in the mind of the original artist"? To re-create not "a vision of our own" but the identical vision in the mind of the artist of the past is to enter the realms of history. Despite the universal qualities which we may readily perceive, there are "local and temporal associations" which require a most complete absorption to re-create in their integrity. In fact, you cannot re-create from any point of view (for all the hopes of recent

impressionists) unless you pay some attention to the historical method.

"What, you will say, 'is not line the same beauty in a Greek or Japanese or French work? has not color the same value? is not the human eye the same the world over?' Well, to begin with, the line is not the same, and it has different connotations; and so, also, of the color; and the human eye is as various as the soul that sees through it. Art is not like mathematics, something to be cast into identical formulas in every time and place... It is not so simple as observing a sunset; it is not merely to open your eyes and see; you must first create the eye to see with."

And when we remember further that not only is art "a Protean play of personality in many places and ages" but also that no one of us sees the same thing in the same way, historical criticism may seem at best "only a doubtful resurrection of the soul that has passed away,—a portrait, perhaps, but one in whose eyes and expression there is an unshared secret." Mr. Woodberry, however, warns us against growing lax in the great quest of the historical method, for it is the critic's only hope of qualifying himself "to undertake that purely aesthetic criticism" by which he

"may at last become one with the soul of the artist and see his vision with the meaning and atmosphere it had to himself. So much of art is antique and foreign, so much of what is racially our own has become alien to my feelings and ideas by the gradual detachment of time, that I need an interpreter between me and this dead and dying world of the past,—I need precisely the interpretation of knowledge that historical criticism gives. True, it is not aesthetic criticism; but aesthetic criticism, in the sense of a re-creation of art as it was in the past, for me is impossible without it."

Nor should we excuse criticism from the function of judgment as well as interpretation. It must do more than content itself with asking: What was in the mind of the artist? Has he expressed it? Was his method well or ill adapted? Is his result worth the pains? The artist may hold himself free from rules; but not so, with impunity, the critic. Mr. Woodberry comes close to Mr. Brownell when he declares that "we who find in the merely human world no guide so safe as reason, look to criticism to declare the judgment of reason on the intellectual and moral values of art." Nor is art itself, as is so often averred, mere "sense-perceiving; but it gathers into its energy the whole play of personality, and is a power of the total soul." Reason aids in its fashioning.

"It is a rationalized and spiritualized world, the world that ought to be, an ideal world, though found only fragmentarily in any individual or period or country. Art is not a spontaneous generation and geyser, as it were, of the senses at play in their world of mere phenomena; but it is a

\*TWO PHASES OF CRITICISM, HISTORICAL AND AESTHETIC.  
By George Edward Woodberry. Limited edition. Published  
for the Woodberry Society.

world-creator, the maker of a new and complete world, one not superficial and momentary merely, but a world with meaning, loaded with all the significance that man has found in his spiritual life." Hence the permanence of great art, even though it may happen that the artist himself be no thinker but rather one who expresses half unrealizingly the vision of a community. He may not speak as some others do, in abstractions; but he utters what is nevertheless "intellectual and moral truth, spiritual truth."

"The prime contrast between art and nature [is] . . . an opposition of freedom to necessity, of the soul to the body, of spirituality to materialism. Art is the soul's confession. I should be ill-content if works of art, taken individually, yielded to the critic only a momentary experience of the senses and feelings, as if they were merely disparate objects of nature. I desire to know their meanings to the soul; and that intellectual and moral elements enter into their meaning, and that without the co-operation of the reason they are incompletely known, seems to me plain. . . Each school, each age, each race has its own art, often highly individualized and peculiar to itself. . . The diversity of art not only makes interpretation necessary to its understanding, but also renders judgment of its value, intellectual, moral, technical, very useful, both in guiding the mind in its choice and in establishing the relative place that any particular artist or art period has in the whole field. . . Contemplation without judgment is a barren attitude, though judgment need not confine itself to comparing greater and lesser."

The revolt against such criticism springs probably from "a discontent with that immersion in the dead past of knowledge which is often the scholar's lot, and from a desire to confine our interest in art within those limits where art is alive." With this we may sympathize. But many of these hardships are inevitable. Let us not, like the futurists, consider the past as merely in the way. Even "in realizing the dead selves of mankind, the soul accumulates power, breadth of outlook, tolerance and especially, I think, faith and hope." But for all this solace, "one is often fain to ask,—'Is there no rescue from this reign of death, which is history, and how shall it be accomplished?'"

The answer, thinks Mr. Woodberry, should lie in aesthetic criticism.

"Is it an error to relegate art to the dead past and translate it into history? Works of art are not like political events and persons; they do not pass at once away. The Hermes of Praxiteles is still with us. Is it really the same Hermes that it was when it was made? Is its personal identity a fixed state, or does its personality, like our own, change in the passage of time? May it not be the nature of art to cast off what is mortal, and emancipate itself from the mind of its creator?"

Is there something beyond "that mortal and

temporary part which historical criticism preserves"? Yes. Aesthetic criticism may try to re-create "the image before us apart from any attempt to realize what was in the artist's mind, or with only a passing reference to that." Expression, "the nucleus of the artist's power," is "the process of externalizing what was in the artist's mind, in some object of sense which shall convey it to others." "The natural object . . . is enveloped in his feeling," his personality, which is immaterial. Suggestion, half-lights, the inexpressible, play about a work of art. "In so far as a work of art is a thing of nature, it can be expressed materially with the more adequacy; in so far as it is a thing of spirit, of personality, it is less subject to complete and certain expression; and in all art there are these two elements." No two people can realize this play of spirit in exactly the same way. "Rifts of temperament and varieties of expression between artist and spectator make chasms of misunderstanding and misappreciation." "Every reader thinks that he is Hamlet." To make every reader think so is to be a genius, a universal writer. "Whence arises this paradox, so common in art, of infinite diversity in identity? It comes from the fact that, so far from realizing the image as it was in the artist's mind and receiving it charged with his personality merely, it is we ourselves who create the image by charging it with our own personality."

"It is one of the charms of art that it is not to be completely understood. In an age in which so high a value is put upon facts, information, positive knowledge, it is a relief to have still reserved to us a place apart where it is not necessary to know all." The truth of art grows ever with time "more rich in significance, more profound in substance, disclosing heaven over heaven and depth under depth." The greatest books grow old with us. So it is that great artists become lifelong studies. Our powers of appreciation vary, and our way is "commonly blocked by certain inhibitions which are so lodged in the mind by education and opinion that they effectively paralyze any effort at re-creation." The Puritans feared the drama. The respectable American turns hastily and prudently away from the nude figure—and the shame is his, not the artist's. With such limitations we fall short of the artist's vision. Yet, on the other hand, we may give his work of art beautiful meanings of which he did not dream.

"The essence of the work, its living power for us, is not what the artist put in it, but what we draw from it; its world-value is not what it was to the artist, but what it is to the world. . . Thus arises the paradox . . . that it is not the poet, but

the reader, who writes the poem... New ages appropriate the works of the past by accomplishing a partial transformation in them, and unless art is capable of such a remaking it cannot last." So it was that Pater in his "creative criticism" re-created art,—"a marvellous blend of the modern spirit with ancient material." All his figures, "Dionysus, or French gallants, or Roman gentlemen... are developed in the dark chamber of his own singularly sensitive and refined artistic temperament." Thus the Puritans re-created the Old Testament. We need not abolish war and the wine-cup as beautiful poetic imagery even in chaster days; they may adorn and vivify the poetry of an age of new ideals, and do these rich service.

Works of art are not, then, to Mr. Woodberry "historical monuments valuable for the information they give of the past," but "new material, for us to work our own statues and pictures and poems out of; or, in a word, to create the forms of our own souls out of; for the soul must be given forms in order to be aware of its being, to know itself, truly to be. The soul moves toward self-expression in many ways, but in finding forms for itself the soul discovers its most plastic material in the world of art. It is in forms of ideality that the soul hastens to clothe itself; and while it is possible for us to elaborate such forms from the crude mass of nature, as the first artists did, yet later generations are the more fortunate in that they possess in art and literature a vast treasure of ideality already elaborated and present. Works of art thus constitute a select material wherein the artist-soul that is in each of us can work, not only with our own native force of penetration and aspiration, but, as it were, with higher aid,—the aid of genius, the aid of the select souls of the race."

Thus art casts off "what is mortal," and emancipates "itself from the mind of its creator" "to enter upon a life of its own, continually renewed in the minds of those who appropriate it." The reader who appropriates may be a Pater; he may be far humbler. He may be far greater. Such fame outlasts biography. The poet's memory becomes ideal.

"And then this miracle arises that into the soul of Virgil, for example, enters a Christian soul, new-born, and deepening its pathos... That is earthly immortality,—the survival and increment of the spirit through time. Thus arises another paradox, that as art begins by being charged with personality, it ends by becoming impersonal, solving the apparent contradiction in the soul universal, the common soul of mankind. Each of us creates art in his own image,—it seems an infinite variable; and yet it is the variable of something identical in all—the soul... It is thus in the artistic life that one shares in the soul universal, the common soul of mankind, which yet is manifest only in individuals and their concrete work. Art like life has its own material being in the concrete, but the spiritual being of both is in the universal."

Now observe that when, "from time to time in history our ancestors encountered successively alien literatures, and as each was in turn appropriated, a Renaissance resulted," and thus "civilization has grown in body and quality, ever enriching itself by what it absorbs from this and that particular race and age." It is tragic folly to isolate nations and races, to learn race self-sufficiency and, after that, race suspicion and race hate. Beware of the reactionary tendency growing in America. Remember, too, that the individual, like the nation, like civilization, must have his periodical renaissance. Goethe needed his Italian journey. Shelley was reborn when he read Plato.

The artist-life is "a life of discovery," not of truth but of faculty; not so much "an acquisition of knowledge" as "an acquisition of inward power."

"The most wonderful thing in the soul is the extraordinary latency of power in it; and it is in the artist-life, in the world of art, that this latent power is most variously and brilliantly released. What happens to you when you begin to see, really to see, pictures, for example? It is not that a new object has come within the range of your vision; but that a new power of seeing has arisen in your eye, and through this power a new world has opened before you,—a world of such marvels of space, color, and beauty, luminosity, shadow, and line, atmosphere and disposition, that you begin to live in it as a child begins to learn to live in the natural world. It is not the old world seen piecemeal; it is a new world on another level of being than natural existence. So, when you begin to take in a poem, it is not a mere fanciful arrangement of idea and event added to your ordinary memory of things; new powers of feeling have opened in your heart that constitute a fresh passion of life there, and as you feed it with lyric and drama, a significance, a mystery, a light enter into the universe as you know it, with transforming and exalting power. To the lover of pictures the visible world has become something other than it was,—even nature herself flowers with Corots and Manets, coruscates with Turners and Claudes, darkens with Rembrandts; to the lover of poetry also the visible world has suffered change and lies in the light of Wordsworth or of Shelley, but much more the invisible world of inward life is transformed into visions of human fate in Aeschylus and Shakspere, into throbs of passion in Dante and Petrarch, into cries of ecstasy and pain in how many generations of the poets world-wide. It is not that you have acquired knowledge; you have acquired heart. To lead the artist-life is not to look at pictures and read books; it is to discover the faculties of the soul, that slept unknown and unused, and to apply them in realizing the depth and tenderness, the eloquence, the hope and joy of the life that is within. It is by this that the life of art differs from the life of science: its end is not to know but to be."

Therefore we revolt against the historical treatment of art because we feel that it endangers art's own true nature, degrades it into mere knowledge, loses sight of life. "The first place is held by life. It is against the substitution of knowledge for life in scholarship, especially in the literary and artistic fields, that the protest is made."

"A second main trait of the artist-life of the soul . . . is that it is a life of growth by an inward secret and mysterious process. There is nothing mechanical in it; it is vital. It was this aspect of the soul's life which Wordsworth brought so prominently forward, and made elemental in his verse, advocating a 'wise passiveness' in the conduct of the mind. . . . 'Consider the lilies, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin.' That is the type of the artist-soul; in the artist-life there is neither toiling nor spinning. In an economical civilization like ours, leisure is apt to be confounded with indolence, and it is hard to see how the poet watching

'the sun illumine  
The yellow bees in the ivy bloom'

is not an idler in the land. Especially is it hard to see how things will come without planning. In our own day planning has become an all-engrossing occupation. A belief in organization has spread through the country, and is applied in all quarters of life, as if success were always a matter of machinery. Even in the churches, which have been the home of spiritual force, organization plays an ever-increasing part, as if failure in driving-force could be made up for by appliances in the machine; to a certain extent this is possible, but the driving force is not the machine. The practical reason so occupies all the field of our life that the result is to belittle and destroy whatever has not its ground of being in the useful. Art, by its own nature, excludes the useful."

"A third main trait of the world of art is that it is a place of freedom," not merely "from the manacle of utility" but, on the positive side, a power to transcend nature and to reconstitute "the world in the image" of the soul's

"own finer vision and deeper wisdom, realizing ideality in its own consciousness and conveying at least the shadow of its dream to mankind. . . Each of us, in reading the play, may well believe he is Hamlet, but each is well aware that he is identifying himself with a more perfect type of himself, such as is known only to the mind's eye. . . The fruit of this large freedom is the ideal world, in which each realizes his dream of the best. It is here that experiments are made, that revolutions sometimes begin; for the ideal, . . . once expressed, passes back into the ordinary world, and there it may be made a pattern, a thing to be actualized, and it falls under the dominance of the practical reason and has this or that fortune according to the wisdom or folly of mankind at the time. . . There are times . . . when the ideal world does enter into the actual world, and partly permeate it, if it

does not wholly master it. The classic, the chivalric, the Christian world attest the fact broadly; and in individual life how must we ourselves bear witness to the mingling in ourselves of the poets' blood,—which is the blood of the world. In the intimacy of this communion is our best of life, and it is accomplished solely by the re-creation in us, in our minds and hearts, our hopes, admirations and loves, of what was first in the artists of every sort, according to our capacity to receive and reëmbody in our own spiritual substance their finer, wiser, deeper, power. Their capacity to enter thus into the life of humanity is the measure of their genius, and our capacity to receive the gift is the measure of our souls."

"The poets are often spoken of as prophets, and in history the greatest are those most lonely peaks that seem to have taken the light of an unrisen dawn, like Virgil, whose humanity in the *Aeneid* shines with a foregleam of the Christian temperament, or like Plato, whose philosophy in many a passage was a morning star that went before the greater light of Christian faith in the divine. But it is not such poets and such prophecy that I have in mind. I mean that in our own experiences in this artist-life with the poets, sculptors, and musicians there abides the feeling that we shall have, as Tennyson says, 'the wages of going on,'—there is our clearest intimation of immortality. Wordsworth found such intimations in fragments of his boyhood and youth. I find them rather in fragments of manhood and mature life. Life impresses me less as a birth initially out of the divine into mortal being than as birth into the divine at each step of the onward way."

Such a life is not reserved for the select alone; it is open to all. "The child with his picture-book and the dying Laureate reading the Shaksperian 'Dirge' in the moonlight lead the same life and follow the same method. The boy with Homer, the sage with Plato,—it is all one: each is finding his soul, and living in it." We must strive for a more just economic order "to lessen the burden of common life" and give each individual time to rejoice in this artist-life, his birthright, no matter how humble he may be.

"We are all proud of America, and look on our farms and workshops, the abundance of work, the harvest of universal gain dispersed through multitudes reclaimed from centuries of poverty,—we see and proclaim the greatness of the good; but I am ill-content with the spiritual harvest, with the absence of that which has been the glory of great nations in art and letters, with the indifference to that principle of human brotherhood in devotion to which our fathers found greatness and which is most luminous in art and letters; our enormous success in the economical and mechanical sphere leaves me unreconciled to our failure to enter the artistic sphere as a nation."

Mr. Woodberry is certainly timely in his warnings against history and historical criticism, which tend to-day so often to substitute knowledge for life. But I should be inclined

to say that he turns away from historical criticism, after he has said many fine things in its praise, with a too audible sigh of relief. The greatest critics in the generations to follow, now that the new *genre* of criticism has developed so rapidly and so richly, must be so robust that their "aesthetic criticism" may be superimposed on a very massive foundation of historical research. I can conceive of a criticism which could wed the dryasdust but invaluable method of the most plodding and terrifyingly erudite contributions to "scholarly journals" (contributions bristling with citations) with the most alert receptivity and nimble play of moods and soaring imagination of the most sensitive impressionist. This may seem to Mr. Woodberry, and to the readers of his book or even of my synopsis, but an exaggerated underlining of certain of his own statements. Yet if I am but underlining his fundamental precepts, I would do it even at the risk of masquerading with the plumage and the voice of a parrot. I underline because I feel a certain danger in many of Mr. Woodberry's passages. Time and again he seems to conceive of idealism and fact as enemies as implacable as the Persian deities Ormuzd and Ahriman, with their endless armies of radiant angels and swart demons. Surely idealism which is not fragile in the face of the first stroke of healthy disillusionment must rise phoenix-like out of fact, which it does not oppose but from which it is splendidly born. Mr. Woodberry has communed with Plato and within himself, in many an awed and happy vigil, over the problem of the One and the Many, and has clearly seen with Spenser how change does but again and again dilate without destroying an eternal being. But some of those other opposites which bewilder us in all but our most adventurous moments, for all his care (though he often manages them bravely, like two fiery coursers held for a time in yoke), fly apart and almost shatter his chariot at times in the highest moments of his Phaethon ride.

Not only is Mr. Woodberry's reconciliation of historical and aesthetic criticism a little faltering, but at times he seems to think of society as led by a few highly endowed critics as well as poets, at times a benignant Utopian anarchy in which everybody may be a critic with a poet's soul, a richly trained creative reader. I know that he would make sorrowing concessions that many are debarred within the fell clutch of circumstance. He protests eloquently against our unjust economic order. But he passes by a fundamental protest without which we can never have a just economic order when he concedes with so many aestheti-

cians that the useful and the artistic cannot be reconciled. "Our bodies and our mortal interests," he says, "are subject to the world of use; but our spirituality, our immortal part, is above use." Here I for one am prepared undauntedly to open the pages of a book often reviled by artist and economist, Ruskin's "Crown of Wild Olive," at the opening pages of the chapter called "Traffic," and protest with the writer against the false opposition of art and utility. I also (though I am one of those who believe that after death we go on as individuals, in being dilated but fundamentally the same) am here on earth to say that I will brook no deep distinction between my "physical" and my "spiritual" self. The highest love is uncompromisingly physical and uncompromisingly spiritual, though few are strenuous enough to learn its deep and lasting rewards because few are strenuous to learn with their comrade how to love before they love. The highest art should be useful; there is no distinction there, any more than there is here on earth between body and soul. Mr. Woodberry has fallen into an asceticism—not the athletic asceticism of temporary restraint for purposes of purer enjoyment, but the asceticism of fear: an asceticism, with Mr. Woodberry, delicate, more tender, warmer than its old parent of the grey twilight but born out of it, bred of its bone, marked with its lineaments. Mr. Woodberry remains, after all, a champion of the old feudalistic art, an art which now would be communal but fails, an art which now loves but also still fears the populace, an art which fears the useful. The Greeks created something like a communal art—at the expense of slaves who did the drudgery. To-day, though we have declared ourselves against slavery and have freed all nominal slaves (and to have declared ourselves, merely, means great progress), we live in an age of actual slavery more widespread than that of any previous age. And this is partly because we refuse to face squarely the problem of drudgery. Mr. Woodberry makes a wise distinction between soft indolence (that herald of all the other deadly sins) and beautiful leisure. But he should realize that so long as drudgery remains a reality, the toiler in the realms of drudgery (if he survives) or his son or daughter (if he is successful) will never distinguish between leisure and more obvious, most alluring indolence. We must face the problem that the Greeks shirked. We must declare that nothing is impossible but that one word "impossible." We must declare drudgery to be a phantasm which has been tricked out in borrowed flesh and blood too long. And we may make at least one fair

beginning at this gigantic and quixotic but ultimately most practical task by dreaming ceaselessly and doing ceaselessly that these two apparent opposites, art and utility, may be wedded.

HERBERT ELLSWORTH CORY.

#### CHILDREN OF THE CITY.\*

"Public opinion has a curious trick of suddenly regarding as a living moral issue, vital and unappeasable, some old situation concerning which society has been indifferent for many years. The newly moralized issue, almost as if by accident, suddenly takes fire and sets whole communities in a blaze, lighting up human relationships and public duty with a new meaning, in the end transforming an abstract social ideal into a political demand for new legal enactments. When that blaze actually starts, when the theme is heated, molten as it were with human passion and desire, it is found that there are many mature men and women of moral purpose and specialized knowledge who have become efficient unto life. Among them are those who have long felt a compunction in regard to the ill-adjustment of which society has become conscious and are eager to contribute to the pattern of juster human relations."

Thus writes Miss Addams in her preface to "Safeguards for City Youth," a book describing the work and experiences of the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago. These same winged words might well have stood on the title-page of each of the five books now before us, for all are symptoms of the same awakening, the same desire of "mature men and women of moral purpose" to be doing something to mend the evil of their day, and prevent that of the days to come. This new impulse, developing "almost as if by accident," is nevertheless the fruit of the toil of years, as Miss Addams well knows, being herself chief among the toilers. It is fortunate that it is so, for herein is a certain guarantee of stability, an assurance that this new birth of the social conscience is but the emerging into the light of a growth which has been patiently maturing for many a day.

The Juvenile Protective Association is not a mere society for the prevention of cruelty to children, but an organized attempt to study

the conditions surrounding childhood in Chicago, and remedy some of the evils for which Society is responsible. Indeed, the word "juvenile" is interpreted broadly, as including young people of mature growth, who need protection as they enter the ranks of labor. This protection must come largely through enlightened public opinion; so we are begged to note that "all of the stores make large profits at the holiday season, but they are made at the expense of thousands of employees, whose weary feet and aching backs are the result of the mad rush on the part of thousands of Christian people who are thus seeking to express the kindness and good will which our Christmas commemorates!" or again that "the same kind-hearted people who, in great concern, would quickly gather around the victim of a street accident, carelessly eat food placed before them by a frail girl almost fainting with fatigue or heedlessly walk through a hotel corridor lately scrubbed by a Polish woman who has spent ten hours upon her hands and knees." The object of Mrs. Bowen's book is to enable us to see the machinery back of the passing show, and realize the cruelty and stupidity of so much of it; thereby arousing not merely the wish for reform, but the hope of being able to better things.

A minute study of the social environment would be largely futile with the other element of the problem, the nature of the individual, left out of account. Consequently "the Association is at present making a careful study of sub-normal children, of whom it is estimated that there are about 6000 in Chicago. Approximately only one-tenth of this number can be received at the one State Institution for the Feeble-Minded in Illinois." This appalling problem is matched by another, not wholly unrelated, and we read: "One of the most pathetic sights in Chicago is the venereal disease ward for children in the County Hospital. In twenty-seven months, 600 children under twelve years of age passed through this ward—60 per cent of them had contracted the disease accidentally; 20 per cent of them had inherited it, and another 20 per cent had been criminally assaulted by diseased persons."

Mrs. Schoff, in her study of "The Wayward Child," approaches the subject with the same zeal, and writes with the knowledge gained from many years of work. Her point of view is not scientific, and she is inclined to regard the problem in an old-fashioned way. Thus we are assured that "when carried back to William the Conqueror each child has, according to President G. Stanley Hall, eight billion

\* *SAFEGUARDS FOR CITY YOUTH, at Work and at Play.* By Louise de Koven Bowen. With a preface by Jane Addams. New York: The Macmillan Co.

*THE WAYWARD CHILD. A Study of the Causes of Crime.* By Hannah Kent Schoff. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

*STREET-LAND. Its Little People and Big Problems.* By Philip Davis, assisted by Grace Kroll. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

*THE JUVENILE COURT AND THE COMMUNITY.* By Thomas D. Eliot. New York: The Macmillan Co.

*BOYHOOD AND LAWLESSNESS; and The Neglected Girl.* By Ruth S. True; with a chapter on The Italian Girl, by Josephine Beeke. West Side Studies (Russell Sage Foundation); carried on under the direction of Pauline Goldmark. New York: Survey Associates.

ancestors. From so many as eight billion ancestors, each child must certainly have a very mixed heredity, and we may be encouraged about the matter even more by remembering that man was created in the image and likeness of God and that consequently there must be some good in every one." The proposition that every human life is "worth while," and should be given the best possible chance, is one to which we may cordially assent; but even the testimony of President G. Stanley Hall will not make us believe in those eight billion ancestors. By the same arithmetical process it will be apparent that at the time of Julius Caesar our ancestors covered the earth many layers deep. These, however, are minor matters; and when it comes to the practical things of life, Mrs. Schoff has much good advice to give. Thus: "More than half of the children in the juvenile court during eight years were there for stealing. No one could listen to the stories of theft of every sort told by these children without reaching the conclusion that honesty does not come without constructive parental teaching." Judging from the testimony of thousands of prison inmates, it is concluded that reform schools have exactly the opposite effect from that suggested by their name. Recognizing the unconscious prejudice of the narrators, who in telling their experiences tend to place all the blame on their surroundings, we must nevertheless admit that the testimony is weighty, and after all not different from what we might reasonably expect. Even high class boarding schools for "young gentlemen" are sometimes nests of more corruption than we care to admit.

"Street-Land," by Mr. Philip Davis of Boston, is a volume of "The Welfare Series," edited by Mr. R. T. Hale. It gives a clear account of the life of city children in the streets, their efforts to find work and amusement, their troubles and temptations. It also describes the Newsboys' Republic, and sets forth a programme for the future. Ultimately, the solution must be found in a radical reorganization of city life. "Since it is the almost savage environment which makes many city children little savages, we must learn that our chief task is to civilize the environment. Nor can this be accomplished by philanthropy or law. These are curative, not preventive, agencies. Sound economics, made popular by safe investments in homes for the people built by the municipality or State,—as in Letchworth, England, and in Belgium,—alone will ultimately abolish slums and slum products and prevent their reproduction in the rising cities of America." It is to be noted, however, that if mere legal enactments cannot do away

with the evil, they can and do perpetuate it, preventing municipalities from taking the steps necessary to create decent conditions.

Dr. Eliot's book on "The Juvenile Court and the Community" is an attempt to define the status of the Juvenile Court, and determine its proper functions. It is recognized that the Court has undergone an evolution, whereby the court business proper has diminished in proportion to the ever extending probation system. Volunteer probation is giving way to organized municipal work, and "in most places needs simply a death blow to 'put it out of its misery.'" The probation officer is called upon to coöperate with all existing agencies, and thus finds himself no longer exclusively connected with the Court. The point is made that probation is a part of the educational system, and should have its principal point of contact with the schools rather than with any judicial system. The Domestic Relations Court could take care of the other functions of the Juvenile Court, which would thus disappear, its activities having been absorbed by other agencies. "The writer believes that the evidence shows that the juvenile court has been for its time a splendid institution," but that it represents a stage in evolution, leading to better things. If the Juvenile Court represents a transitory stage, it is still evident that in most places this stage has not yet passed. All students of the Court recognize that it is changing, growing in various directions to meet the public need, and, as it were, producing new departments by a process of budding. The time is ripe for such discussions as that of Dr. Eliot's, but they are perhaps to be taken with a grain of salt, on Bergsonian grounds. It is probable that different cities, attempting to solve their problems in different ways, will find that there is no single road to municipal efficiency. Escaping from one difficulty we meet some other. The Juvenile Court has had a hard struggle with the politicians; but let the difficult work of probation fall under the direction of the School Board, and we may find that timidity, indecision, and fear of "injuring business" are harder to combat than downright crookedness. In any case, the onus is thrown back upon the community, and no mere system will make amends for a stupid public.

The "West Side Studies" carried on by the Russell Sage Foundation constitute a most valuable contribution to descriptive sociology. They have the merit of being exceedingly well written, so that the narrative flows and has coherence, instead of appearing to be a patch-work made up from accumulated memoranda.

While the purpose is descriptive, and there is little direct propaganda for reform, the vivid accounts of conditions found point so clearly to the weak spots in civic life that the reader cannot help drawing his own conclusions concerning remedies. The writers enter into their subject with such a warmth of human sympathy that we no longer see merely things to criticize, but come to feel that after all the very troubles of the city carry with them the germs of hope for better times.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

#### THE BLUE-STOCKINGS AND THEIR INFLUENCE.\*

When Samuel Johnson, Fanny Burney, Hannah More, and other celebrities of their time meet together in a critical volume, that book is assured of readers; for who can resist the appeal of the Age of Tea and Talk? If the book succeeds, it may be due to no special merit of its author,—his audience is predisposed to enjoy his work. However, in the case of Professor Tinker's study of "The Salon and English Letters," the author's part is of an unusually important and distinctive character. Unostentatious, sympathetic, thoroughly keen in his analyses, this professor of English Literature at Yale has presented a new view of the years 1760-1790 by means of centring his observations on the salon and its influences. Until the publication of this book we have had no authority, in English, upon the salon, and have been forced to gain information from dozens of scattered volumes. Now we possess, in Professor Tinker's work, a scholarly and succinct account of one of the most interesting, and often amusing, phases of human history.

Beginning with the French salon, Professor Tinker outlines rapidly the origin and development of those "literary courts," and traces their relationship to the courtly groups of the Renaissance which were presided over by such women as Beatrice d'Este, Caterina Cornaro of Browning's *Asolo*, and the ladies mentioned in Castiglione's "Book of the Courier." The Hôtel de Rambouillet, most distinguished of all the French salons, was established, in direct imitation of these Italian assemblies, by a lady half Italian herself; and in the *chambre bleue d'Arthénice* the select few, not more than eighteen, carried on their exalted conversations. Very briefly, Professor Tinker characterizes the salons,

showing how important was the place of gathering, the aesthetic background, in establishing the right tone; and he makes clear the earnest effort of the leaders to promote a real democracy of intellect, by giving encouragement to any person of genuine wit and originality. Dominated by woman, the salon expressed her "instinct for society and for literature," arousing discussion, provoking conversation on topics literary or philosophical. Sermons and profane literature were themes for all to discourse upon; and in those days "club" folk read the works they discussed. Out of the talk grew some species of literature, chiefly those forms which express more intimately the ideas and sentiments of every-day life,—letters, memoirs, and similar friendly productions in both prose and verse. Perhaps more significant than the attitude toward letters and art are the relationships, the friendships, fostered by the salons. On this topic Professor Tinker is almost too brief; he does not bring out the fullest meaning of the development of personality, the shaping and enriching of individual talents, stimulated by the familiar intercourse of these coterie.

From France to England the sentiment for similar literary groups was speedily transferred; and England did justice to the ideal, not by any means wholly new. Elizabethan England had had literary courts, and the Countess of Pembroke will be remembered as one of the noblest patronesses of all time. With the Restoration came the insidious amorousness which vitiated the salons, turning the library coterie into a school for scandal. By the end of the seventeenth century the feminist movement was well under way; and of the manifestations of literary militancy Professor Tinker has little to say, since that aspect of life has little to do with the salons, which are devoted to conversation. It is with the rise of the Bluestocking Club that the salon definitely reappears in England. This Club, which was probably in existence by 1760, was composed of "Vesey," "Boscawen," "Montagu," "Carter," Hannah More, Lord Lyttelton, Horace Walpole, and others. "Bluestocking," that genteel by-word of contempt, is discussed by Professor Tinker very fully, although he says plainly that no definitely satisfactory conclusions can be reached concerning its origin. It would seem that it arose from the practice of ridiculing the severely plain dress of the Puritans, who, in their homely woolen hose, made up that "Blew-stocking Parliament" so odious to the silk-clad Cavaliers. A term thus used to cast reproach upon really sincere and high-

\* THE SALON AND ENGLISH LETTERS. Chapters on the Inter-relations of Literature and Society in the Age of Johnson. By Chauncey Brewster Tinker. New York: The Macmillan Co.

minded folk was no bad title for a group who, feeling the popular associations with that word, rather enjoyed assuming its connotations. "Blues" and "blue" came to mean cultured ladies, or "shocking females" according to the intelligence of the critic. It is in these chapters dealing with the Bluestockings that the volume is most interesting, for the author has put together various fragmentary bits, making a comparatively unified whole. Of course any work which considers so miscellaneous a subject as the lives and attitudes and accomplishments of numerous minor personages cannot possess perfect smoothness of transition. The difficulties of the case, however, have been well met; and Professor Tinker has furnished us with a storehouse of information, anecdote, criticism, interpretation of character, and small talk delightfully arrayed. Special praise is due for the sane, generous, respectful tone in which he writes. To all except anti-suffragists his studiously judicial manner will appeal strongly. It is easy to be flippant and witty at the expense of the shallow and artificial intellectual life of the Bluestockings. For instance, revered Hannah More has been made the subject of many gibes; but just as Professor Tinker publishes a charmingly youthful portrait of her, so he endeavors to present, not the apparent pedant and literary trifler, but the woman who sincerely strove for high accomplishment. With the best of opportunities for making merry over "lovely woman," the critic has not indulged in caricature, or satire, or condescension. This is not saying that he lacks humor. Some of the charm in these chapters lies in the shrewd brevity of the recitals that reveal all the truth, the ludicrous self-esteem, as well as the inner motives, the highest aspirations, the fine ideals of the members of the English salons. Engaging minor details are given generously, and in such a quotation as the following one perceives the Spartan nature of the day:

"I never knew a party turn out so pleasantly as the other night at the Pepys's. There was all the pride of London — every wit and every wit-ess . . . but the spirit of the evening was kept up on the strength of a little lemonade till past eleven, without cards, scandal, or polities."

For portraiture there is the sketch of Mrs. Vesey, or "the sylph," who was most supreme when youth and beauty had long left her alone with her unflagging imagination and her friends.

The third section of the book concerns itself with the expression of the social instinct in Conversation, Familiar Correspondence, the Diary, and the Intimate Biography, illus-

trated of course by the famous names of the day,—Johnson, Fanny Burney, Walpole, and Boswell. These chapters, dealing with matter more familiar to the general reader, are written in a lively yet non-partisan fashion. They show the results of long study of these special themes, hence they will prove to have critical freshness. Johnson is revealed in all his irrevocable humanness, not as *Ursa Major*, but as the intensely social being who lived on talk, and whose talk roused and galvanized others into effective expression,—the supreme art in conversation. Boswell's efforts are appreciated in the spirit of understanding vouchsafed him by later criticism. Instead of listing him, as Fanny Burney did, as "that biographical, anecdotal, memorandummer," Professor Tinker interprets Boswell very justly. The immortal diarist herself is almost too summarily dealt with; and at the conclusion of the chapter, the critic mourns the presence in the Diary of so much self-praise, so much quotation of the agreeable things said to the blushing but quite appreciative Miss Burney. Why mourn over this trait in her more than over a similar trait in the great lexicographer? Is vanity a man's right?

Within the book is a mass of information gleaned from very extensive reading, but so effectively and so crisply condensed, so briskly phrased, that each re-reading will yield a reward. The author's individual appreciation of his subject gives vivid insight into that age which has a singular charm for our mad epoch, in which such things as polite conversation and long, fastidiously composed letters are genuine antiques. So also, are those staunch convictions of ponderous size. It is a pleasure, in these days when "open-mindedness" is synonymous with vacuity, to read of people who were not only positive, but actually bigoted. What an enviable age it was! No automobiles, no electricity, no strikes, no Sunday papers,—time for dignity, deliberation, reading, and thinking! They had a happiness, a content, we shall never know, except in retrospect through the charmed medium of the printed page.

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD.

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One of the most interesting announcements that has come to us for several months is that of the forthcoming publication of a selection from the letters of William Morris. It is expected that the work will comprise two or three volumes, which will probably be published in uniform style with the collected edition of Morris's works recently completed under the editorship of his daughter, Miss May Morris.

#### DIPLOMACY AND THE GREAT WAR.\*

Whoever desires to study the proximate causes of the mighty conflict in which Europe is now plunged will find a wealth of material in the official publications issued by the various belligerent governments since the outbreak of the war.—the British and German White Books, the Russian Orange Paper, the Belgian Gray Paper, the French Yellow Book, the Austrian Red Book, and the Servian Blue Book. The entry of other powers into the conflict will doubtless be followed by other similar publications. The promptness with which these documents were issued, and the somewhat lavish manner in which they have been circulated, are quite without precedent in the wars of the past, and can only be explained by the desire of the governments concerned to put their cases before the world in the hope of obtaining a favorable verdict upon their conduct. The whole procedure affords a striking illustration of the fact that civilized nations are not only not indifferent to the opinions of mankind, but that, on the contrary, they eagerly court the approbation of international public opinion for their acts, the good faith and rectitude of which are suspected.

It is one of the happy results of the new diplomacy and of government by public opinion that important diplomatic correspondence which in former times would have been carefully concealed in the archives of foreign offices for generations, is to-day made public almost as soon as it is dispatched; so that it is possible to write the history of the events with which it deals before that history becomes ancient. With the aid of the published diplomatic documents which the present war has produced, it is possible for contemporary historians to determine and fix the responsibility for the war which is now ruining Europe, while those upon whom the responsibility rests are still living.

The task of examining this large mass of diplomatic material, and of unravelling the tangled skein of a multiplicity of notes, has been greatly simplified by the work of Professor Stowell of Columbia University, who has made a systematic digest and critical analysis of these documents, and has so arranged and coöordinated the results that it is now possible for one to get the gist of it all without the necessity of reading the various documents in their entirety. If, for example, one desires to study the question of the viola-

tion of the neutrality of Belgium, he will find in a single chapter a critical analysis of all the important diplomatic documents bearing on the subject, along with a historical introduction by the author, followed by his own conclusions regarding the responsibility for the act. In a similar manner, all the other important controversies are examined and judged.

Recognizing, very properly, that an understanding of the deep and underlying causes of the war is impossible without a knowledge of the history of the international relations of Europe during the years antedating the outbreak of the conflict, the author starts out with a review of such important events as the founding of the Triple Alliance, the Triple Entente, the Dual Alliance, the Conference of Algeciras, the Agadir and Casablanca incidents, and the Turco-Italian and Balkan wars. With this survey as a necessary background, he proceeds to examine in succession the diplomatic correspondence relating to the controversy between Austria and Servia, between Austria and Russia, between Germany and Russia, between England and the powers concerned, that relating to the neutrality of Belgium, and so on.

A large part of the work consists of important extracts from the diplomatic documents, so arranged and analyzed as to give it the character of a narrative. It is not, therefore, a mere compilation or collection of documents. There is much comment by the author, and, very properly, he has exercised freely his right to judge the facts in the light of the evidence, and to condemn where, in his opinion, condemnation is justifiable. On the whole, however, his judgments are fair and dispassionate; and being based upon a very thorough and detailed examination of the official documents, they must carry great weight. It is not difficult for an impartial observer who studies these documents with the aid of Professor Stowell's analysis and comment to make up his mind as to where the responsibility for this war properly belongs.

We may now summarize some of the author's more important conclusions. Regarding the merits of the controversy between Austria and Servia—a controversy which was the occasion if not the cause of the general conflict—Professor Stowell concludes from his study of the diplomatic documents that Servia "evinced a most conciliatory spirit," and that she went as far toward meeting the Austrian demands as was possible for the government of any independent state to go. "If Austria," he says, "because of her peculiarly perilous situation, considered it impossible to discuss the question [of media-

\* THE DIPLOMACY OF THE WAR OF 1914. By Ellery C. Stowell, Assistant Professor of International Law, Columbia University. Volume I. The Beginnings of the War. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

tion] and to examine whether the proposed guarantees would not be adequate, we must conclude her action to be a confession that she was herself unable to live up to her international obligations." Russia's conduct as the protector of Servia was not reprehensible. She employed "all her efforts to obtain a pacific issue which would be acceptable to Austria and satisfy her *amour-propre*." Concerning the question as to whether the German government knew the contents of the Austrian ultimatum before it was dispatched to the Servian government, Professor Stowell expresses the opinion that while the text of the note may not have been communicated to the German government, it seems likely that it was shown to the German ambassador at Vienna, who doubtless informed the German government of its contents. In any case, the German government took particular pains to be in a position where it could proclaim its ignorance of the note, in order to be able to say to the other powers that it had kept out of the affair and had exercised no influence upon Austria in formulating her demands upon Servia.

Professor Stowell reviews at length the efforts of Sir Edward Grey to prevent a general war, and how they were destined to fail. No one can read the mass of correspondence in all these official publications without feeling that Sir Edward stands out as the most admirable figure among all the diplomats and foreign ministers concerned. He worked tirelessly and almost without ceasing to preserve peace, and he seems never to have despaired until all hope was gone.

Coming to the much discussed question of the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, Professor Stowell examines, first, the German contention that the neutralization treaty of 1839 was not binding in 1914, and on every point he refutes the German argument completely. This treaty, he says, was not only binding on all the signatory parties, but they were under an obligation to coöperate in guaranteeing the neutrality proclaimed by the treaty. More than this, "it was a duty which all the states of the world owe to international law to take every reasonable and practical means to prevent Germany from effecting such a gross violation of the rights of a weak state as has resulted from her invasion." This obligation, he asserts, rested upon the United States equally with the other powers. There is, of course, a difference of opinion as to the merits of this view; but unquestionably if international law means what it has heretofore been understood to mean,

strong argument can be advanced in favor of the position of the author.

Considering in turn the various German excuses for violating the neutrality of Belgium,—that England intended to land troops there for the purpose of attacking Germany, that there existed a convention between Belgium and England by which they were to make common cause against Germany, that there was a similar agreement between Belgium and France, that documents discovered in Brussels showed that Belgium had violated her neutral obligations, etc.,—Professor Stowell finds no evidence to support the German contention on any of these points. His thorough and critical analysis of the documents, and the evidence which he marshals in support of his conclusions, will go far toward convincing impartial observers of the correctness of his findings. Germany's conduct is criticized severely. The invasion of Belgium, he remarks, has been compared to the case of a man who is guilty of a trespass in crossing his neighbor's premises to escape from a fire; but it would be fairer to compare it to the case of a man who does not wait to meet his adversary in a fair fight, but tries to reach him by shooting through the walls of an intervening house without regard to the lives of the helpless inmates.

In a final chapter the author sums up his conclusions, and attempts to fix the chief responsibility for the war. This responsibility falls mainly on the shoulders of Germany.

"Germany has clearly violated international law, and, if she does not succeed, even for the moment, in escaping punishment, the lesson will be as salutary as the example of Bismarck was deleterious. Meanwhile, the manner in which she has held the rest of Europe in check compels the admiration of all beholders. . . Should Germany be successful in carrying out the theories of her Government, and her people, after the war-enthusiasm is past, continue to support the Government, which has put through its projects in disregard of its treaty obligations and of the peaceful existence of the individuals composing another nation, the student of events, seeking with impartial view, will have to admit that we are not yet ready for any great step forward; that it is too early to recognize the practical existence of the society of humanity as such, including all peoples."

JAMES W. GARNER.

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Mr. Hilaire Belloc's "Essays on War," which his English publishers hope to have ready shortly, will include "The Military Argument for and against Military Service in the Particular Case of Great Britain"; "Censorship in War"; "The Defence of Land Fronts of Naval Bases"; "The Military Problems of an Alliance"; and "Valmy."

### A PRAGMATIC ILLUMINATION OF EDUCATION.\*

Divine philosophy has not always been happily united with pedagogical theory. Not infrequently "educators" have but a superficial philosophy; while it must be admitted that there are philosophers who know little of the art of teaching. A great shout of welcome should therefore go up when a profound thinker sets himself the task of a practical exposition of the most practical, as it is the most important, art in life,—the art of education. Properly enough, a pragmatic philosopher, Professor John Dewey, now of Columbia University, has accomplished this work; and so for once etymology is justified of her children.

Professor Dewey and his daughter, Miss Evelyn Dewey (who collected much of the material), disclaim intent at a system or a text-book. Quoting the preface:

"We have tried to show what actually happens when schools start out to put into practice, each in its own way, some of the theories that have been pointed to as the soundest and best ever since Plato, to be then laid politely away as precious portions of our 'intellectual heritage' . . . We have hoped to suggest to the reader the practical meaning of some of the more widely recognized and accepted views of educational reformers by showing what happens when a teacher applies these views."

Notwithstanding the fact that this rather humble statement is an accurate description of the plan of the book, the ripe scholarship, the scrupulous soundness of the logic, and the art shown in presenting and massing the concrete in a bath of luminous and consistent theory make of "Schools of To-morrow" a contribution of great importance.

Professor Dewey's thesis is based frankly upon Rousseau's "Emile." The first chapter, "Education as Development," is but a trenchant exposition of Rousseau's epoch-making views. "We know nothing of childhood, and with our mistaken notions of it the further we go in education the more we go astray." Education must be "based upon the native capacities of those to be taught and upon the need of studying children in order to discover what these native powers are." "Try to teach a child what is of use to him as a child, and you will find that it takes all his time." "The greatest, the most important, the most useful rule of education is: Do not save time, but lose it." "A child ill-taught is further from excellence than a child who has learned nothing at all." Teach a child what he has an

interest in, when he is interested in it. Do not anticipate the needs of adult life. Education is the development of power, not the acquisition of information.

All this has become the commonplace, even the semi-dangerous commonplace, of higher education in colleges and universities, screening oftentimes hazy and slovenly ideas. But rightly interpreted, it is of immense importance; and the welcome news derived from "Schools of To-morrow" is that whereas there is in the schools of to-day an absolute line of cleavage between the elementary and higher institutions in this respect,—the elementary schools insisting on a fund of adult information while the higher schools bemoan the lack of intellectual power displayed by their product,—the "schools of to-morrow" are insisting on the same rational basis for elementary instruction. Education, instead of following a silly calf trail for sixteen or eighteen years and then attempting to institute radical reform when mental habits are fixed, is on the threshold of a simple and absolute reform,—the process of starting right, and by natural methods developing the whole life of the child.

Place of honor among the laboratory cases cited is given to Mrs. Johnson's school at Fairhope, Alabama, which seems to follow closely Rousseau's ideal. Professor Dewey thinks that Fairhope "has demonstrated that it is possible for children to lead the same natural lives in school that they lead in good homes outside of school hours; to progress bodily, mentally, and morally in school without factitious pressure, rewards, examinations, grades or promotions, while they acquire sufficient control of the conventional tools of learning and of study of books—reading, writing, and figuring—to be able to use them independently." Professor J. L. Merriam, Director of the Elementary School in the University of Missouri, bases his plan upon the four factors in the child's life: play, stories, observation, and handiwork. As the children grow older their interest is naturally drawn, as they discover their ignorance, to history, geography, and science. Grammar and English are not taught as such, but incidentally in connection with all their work. Investigation of local topography, industries, and general conditions is emphasized here, as in other "reform" schools. The value of acting out the stories of mythology and history is another generally recognized principle. That the school can fit smoothly into local needs and exercise great influence as a social settlement is shown by the success of Mr. Valentine's work in School 26 of Indianapolis. The prac-

\* SCHOOLS OF TO-MORROW. By John and Evelyn Dewey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

tical work of this school has put new heart and vigor into a destitute and backward community, and has gone far to solve the race problem. Here, and in many other schools cited, the object is *immediate ends*,—not giving the pupils the notion that they are getting ready to live, but actually living. This will seem to many, no doubt, a backward step,—a tacit acceptance of Browning's low man who, aiming at a unit, soon hits his hundred, but always fails of the thousand. One of the facts cited, that the boys show more interest in the cooking lessons than girls, is a rather bizarre proof of the appeal of immediate ends. Yet there can be little doubt that the general movement is wise. Education should begin at the feet,—we must learn to hit the units. That is of the most importance to the most people. Indeed, it is of prime importance to all, and will later enable the few to hit the thousand with all the greater accuracy.

Here and there throughout the book, as in the final chapter on "Democracy and Education," the author exhibits something of the special pleader,—or possibly it is only a too common academic blindness to the reality of grinding poverty in the world. "It is a commonplace among teachers and workers who come in contact with any number of pupils who leave school at fourteen to go to work, that the reason is not so much financial pressure as it is lack of conviction that school is doing them any good." This is no doubt true in many communities, where the well-to-do class predominates. It must be of these that Professor Dewey is thinking; for in all probability he knows of the investigations of a former student of his in the Stock Yards district of Chicago, which revealed an altogether different state of affairs.\*

Professor Dewey's analysis of the much discussed Montessori method should be of value to those whose knowledge depends mainly upon periodical-skimming. While approving of the freedom of action which Madame Montessori in common with most reformers allows her pupils, he points out that her insistence on the use of her "didactic material" leaves their freedom restricted and of questionable importance.

"There is no freedom allowed the child to create. He is free to choose which apparatus he will use, but never to choose his own ends, never to bend a material to his own plans. There is no doubt that backward children derive profit from the 'didactic material,' but after all it appears that various American reformers have learned how systematically to educe power, creativeness, in the normal

\* Dr. E. L. Talbert put the question to 331 boys and girls who had left school at 14, when the pressure of the law was lifted, and 171 answered that they had to earn money.

child by permitting him to range freely over his material and adapt it to his own ends."

This word "freedom" is the shibboleth of the schools of to-morrow. A year or so ago, Mr. Edmond Holmes, in his little book entitled "The Tragedy of Education," wrote much on this subject to very good purpose. It is wholly right for a child "to find the necessity in things, not in the caprices of man,"—to feel the curb of conditions, not of authority. And Professor Dewey does well to point out that "no discipline could be more severe, more apt to develop character and reasonableness, nor less apt to develop disorder and laziness" than the discipline which is self-taught and self-imposed. The only weakness in practical results,—a weakness that neither he nor Mr. Holmes nor Mrs. Johnson nor Mr. Wirt nor Mr. Valentine nor Professor Merriam nor Rousseau is aware of,—is the difficulty of getting teachers wise enough to administer freedom of this sort. Here and there is a genius who knows how; but these geniuses, sadly enough, do not impart their genius. An ordinary person can learn how to get results by following rules, but it must be an extraordinary person who gets results without rules. In its philosophy, its literature, its religion, humanity has so far always proceeded by rule and line; only the geniuses have from time to time made new rules and struck off new lines. And after each epochal genius, when the plodding student-teacher follows the master, the method becomes again stereotyped.

Professor Dewey sees clearly the *Sylla* of the old and the *Charybdis* of the new:

"The problem of educational readjustment thus has to steer between the extremes of an inherited bookish education and a narrow, so-called practical, education. It is comparatively easy to clamor for a retention of traditional materials and methods on the ground that they alone are liberal and cultural. It is comparatively easy to urge the addition of narrow, vocational training for those who, it is assumed, are to be the drawers of water and the hewers of wood in the existing economic régime, leaving intact the present bookish type of education for those fortunate enough not to have to engage in manual labor in the home, shop, or farm. But since the real question is one of organization of all education to meet the changed conditions of life—scientific, social, political—accompanying the revolution in industry, the experiments which have been made with this wider end in view are especially deserving of sympathetic recognition and intelligent examination."

Some minor faults of style are to be found in the volume, such as frequently occur when a writer is thinking mainly of his matter. "Apt" is regularly used in the sense of "likely"; and the rather naive redundancy,

"to try an experiment," occurs so often as to merit rebuke. There is also considerable repetition, owing in part to the plan of the book. And there is the inevitable résumé of former conditions of industry as compared with the present. But nevertheless, the volume is admirable in material and arrangement; and the very repetition only serves to add to its unity and drive home its central theme.

THOMAS PERCIVAL BEYER.

#### RECENT AMERICAN ONE-ACT PLAYS.\*

One of the interesting tendencies in recent drama is the rise in popularity of the one-act play. The Irish school, perhaps, deserves chief credit for showing the possibilities of the one-act form, especially in tragedy and in whimsical comedy. In America, Mr. Percy Mackaye was a pioneer in this field, and he has had many followers. The extent to which the one-act piece is now being cultivated suggests that it may come to rival even the short story in popular favor.

Of the twenty-two one-act plays by American writers considered in the present review, three have to do with the European war. The nineteen others are singularly free from the propagandist taint which infects so large a proportion of recent English and continental plays. Probably it may be said that there are three aims among which, or among combinations of which, a dramatist must choose. He may aim to represent characters in an action with impartial truthfulness, caring to give pleasure only or chiefly through the fidelity of his representation. Or he may aim to represent characters so as to give pleasure through appeals to humor, sentiment, or imagination, caring less for truth and reality. Or he may aim to represent characters so as to enforce a doctrine or lesson, subordinating both truth and pleasure to this end. A pure type of the first class may be found in Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair"; of the second, in Shakespeare's romantic comedy; of

the third, in the mediæval moralities and in some of the plays of Shaw and Brieux. The first two objects are the legitimate ideals of drama; when the third becomes dominant, the writer must expect to be regarded primarily as a preacher, not as a dramatist. It is encouraging to find so little of this preaching tendency in the recent representative American plays.

Two of the three war plays, "War Brides" and "Across the Border," on the whole justify their dramatic form. "War Brides" is an attack on war from the woman's point of view. It is a vigorous and timely protest against the insult to womanhood implied in the custom to which the title alludes. The heroine has been married some months before the war, and her husband is at the front. The story deals with her attempt to influence the girls in her village against war marriages,—an attempt which brings her into conflict with the authorities. Her indignation and horror at the cynical treatment of what she holds most sacred are raised to a tragic pitch by the news of her husband's death in battle. She is pregnant; but rather than bear a child who may be sacrificed to "the good of the Empire," she commits suicide. She is not a character who interests us greatly; she is primarily a mouth-piece for individualist and pacifist ideas; but these ideas are vigorously expressed, and are vitally related to the dramatic situation. The play is a good example of the effective use of drama for propagandist purposes.

"Across the Border" bases its protest against war on more broadly human grounds; partly, perhaps, for this reason it is a much better play. It is better, too, because the author is really interested in her hero as a person. The play makes skilful use of the now familiar device of a dream. Desperately wounded in an attempt to bring rescue to beleaguered comrades, the Junior Lieutenant in his delirious dream crosses "the border" of death. What he sees there convinces him of the shameful cruelty and wrong of the whole system and ideal of war, and he begs for leave to return and try to make some of his comrades understand. In the final scene in the improvised hospital he struggles to his gallant and pitiful failure. Written plainly, without declamation or sentimentiality, the play makes a powerful and genuinely dramatic appeal.

In Mr. Hagedorn's "Makers of Madness," on the other hand, the doctrine completely crowds out the dramatic element. The composition is not a play at all; it is an attempt to show through dialogue how war might be forced on the United States and an empire (clearly Germany) by the selfish interests of

\* WAR BRIDES. By Marion Craig Wentworth. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co.

ACROSS THE BORDER. A Play of the Present. By Beulah Marie Dix. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

MAKERS OF MADNESS. By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Co.

POSSESSION. One-act Plays of Contemporary Life. By George Middleton. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

DAWN, and Other One-act Plays of Life To-day. By Perseval Wilde. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

STAGE GUILD PLAYS. By Kenneth Sawyer Goodman. Comprising: The Game of Chess, Barbara, Back of the Yards, and Ephraim and the Winged Bear. New York: Donald C. Vaughan.

WISCONSIN PLAYS. Edited by Thomas H. Dickinson. Comprising: The Neighbors, by Zona Gale; In Hospital, by Thomas H. Dickinson; Glory of the Morning, by William Ellery Leonard. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

militarists, politicians, and manufacturers of arms. There is a scene in the capital of each country, and then an impressionistic glimpse of a battle-field. A pamphlet may be more readable if cast in the form of dialogue, but the title-page should not call it a play.

In his latest volume, Mr. George Middleton gives us some nearly perfect examples of our first-mentioned class of plays,—those which aim above all at impartial truthfulness. The action in these little dramas is mostly psychological, or—shall we say?—spiritual. The very impartiality of Mr. Middleton's attitude toward conventional morality has brought upon him the accusation of writing his plays to prove something; but the charge is an unfair one. He presents no theses; he tries merely to depict his people and their problems with delicate and intimate accuracy. Placed in a given situation, how will each character in a small group conduct himself? A young woman who has married to escape the frigidity of a loveless home finds that she cannot live in peace with her worthless and unfaithful husband. So, taking her child, she returns one evening to her father and mother,—people who, without love, have kept up a respectable appearance. How will the characters speak and act in this first interview? This is the problem of "Circles." "The Groove" is simply a bedtime talk between two sisters, of whom the elder has stayed at home to take care of an invalid mother, and the younger has just returned from college. Each has a plan to confide to the other, but the plans are hopelessly in conflict. How will the situation develop? It is obvious that plays of this sort would require the most finished and intelligent acting if they were to have any success on the stage; and even with this, the success of some of them would be doubtful. Mr. Middleton's characters are drawn admirably, but with an impartiality critical rather than sympathetic. His attitude toward them is too much that of an entomologist toward his specimens; his curiosity is too largely intellectual. He not only lacks sympathy, but, as might be expected, he lacks humor; this is especially noticeable in "The Black Tie," and also in "The Unborn," where the perspective is at times curiously distorted. By all odds the best of the plays is "A Good Woman"; with this possible exception, Mr. Middleton, conscientious and skilful artist as he is, leaves us a little cold.

Much less mature and finished are the plays in Mr. Percival Wilde's collection. Mr. Wilde seems to be experimenting in various directions. As yet he cares too little for truth to life, and he lacks a sure sense for stage effect.

In "A House of Cards" he uses somewhat clumsily the dangerous device of misleading the audience. "Playing with Fire" is a rather sophomoric study of "calf love." "The Traitor" is based on an oddly false notion of human nature,—the notion that a traitor may infallibly be detected by his zeal in urging mercy for another supposed traitor. The other pieces, however, show decided promise; and the best of them, "Dawn," is a really strong and brilliant little study in heroism. Here and there in Mr. Wilde's work one feels the influence of Mr. Mackaye.

The four paper-bound plays by Mr. Kenneth Sawyer Goodman show a keen sense of stage values and a considerable range. They would probably act better than the plays of either Mr. Middleton or Mr. Wilde. Some of them, indeed, have been acted, though with what success I do not know. They seem especially well adapted to amateur production; the settings are simple, the action is rapid, and the parts make no heavy demand upon the actors. "Back of the Yards" is a strong and realistic little drama of tenement-house life in Chicago, dealing with the turning point in a street boy's career. "The Game of Chess" is a cleverly constructed and stirring melodrama in miniature, presenting a nihilist's attempt on the life of a Czar. "Ephraim and the Winged Bear" is a sort of fantastic morality, amusing but a trifle too grotesque for complete success. "Barbara" is apparently an attempt to burlesque Mr. Bernard Shaw,—an ambitious and tolerably rash undertaking. The fact is that Mr. Shaw, having reached the limit of extravagance possible to sanity, can twiddle his fingers at the parodists. Mr. Goodman's terrible young person seems scarcely more than a faint copy of a Shaw heroine, and his valet *deus ex machina* a rather wooden imitation of the omniscient Shavian waiter.

In contrast with Mr. Goodman's high spirits and exuberant cleverness is the tone of simple and quiet sincerity of the "Wisconsin Plays." Miss Gale's "The Neighbors" is a charming little study of life in a small village. It is reported that Mis' Ellsworth, who, with her husband's scanty pension, has had a hard time making ends meet, has had a telegram announcing that her orphaned nephew of seven is coming to live with her. All the neighbors join forces to get up a "shower" surprise party for her. When preparations are nearly completed, Mis' Ellsworth appears at Mis' Abel's with another telegram saying that after all the little boy is to be adopted by an uncle. In this simple plot are introduced a number of delightful people, admirable char-

sterized. Who can forget "Grandma," for instance, with her experienced wisdom and her rebellion against carpet rags? Mr. Dickinson's "In Hospital" is a severely realistic sketch of the human aspects of a serious operation. Though scarcely dramatic at all in the narrower sense of the word, in the hands of a great actor it would be immensely effective. Mr. Leonard's "Glory of the Morning" is pitched on a distinctly lower level. The heroine, for whom the play is named, is the Winnebago squaw of a French fur-trader; the latter turns out to be a nobleman in exile, who wishes to take their children back with him to France. For some reason the American Indian makes intractable material for drama. I cannot recall a single good dramatic presentation of him in his native state. In the present case, part of the difficulty is that the story calls for a more poetic and imaginative treatment than the author has given it.

Altogether, in achievement as well as in promise, this is a notable group of plays. Ten years ago it could not have been matched by any selection of one-act pieces written in America. It looks as if we were going to see in this generation a really American drama.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*A life of prodigious achievement.*

As bluff John Hunter, the famous surgeon, anatomist, and physiologist, once said, "no man that wanted to be a great man ever was a great man." A fine example of true greatness and entire freedom from any desire for greatness in the world's eyes may be found in the late Director of the New York Public Library, who came to that office, with its arduous work of construction and organization, after having virtually created the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, the Surgeon-General's Library and its justly celebrated catalogue in Washington, and the laboratory of hygiene for the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, not to mention earlier and perhaps more heroic though less widely known achievements elsewhere. These various services to science and to humanity are now carefully recorded, with much else of a more intimately biographical character, by his friend and co-worker in medicine, Dr. Fielding H. Garrison, in a substantial octavo volume entitled "John Shaw Billings: A Memoir" (Putnam). Of good New England stock, but of Hoosier birth and early training, Billings was forced to work his way through the suc-

cessive stages of his academic and medical education, and the fact that he had to fight out one winter of this Spartan experience on seventy-five cents a week may help to explain, now that we have the details of his life before us, the hitherto unsuspected battles that he was compelled to wage with bodily infirmities during the greater part of his maturity. Eight times he underwent surgical operations, chiefly of a critical nature, and always except the last time he kept secret from his family the cause of these "short vacations," as he lightly styled them. Therefore the record of his eminent and varied services to his fellow-men, impressive though it had seemed before, gains immeasurably in significance when one learns, from Dr. Garrison's faithful presentation of Billings's life-struggle, the various handicaps and disabilities under which those brilliantly distinguished services were rendered. The customary equipment of illustrations, bibliography, genealogy, and index is not wanting to this carefully prepared biography, which, let it be added, has been made, as far as possible, autobiographical in character by the frequent insertion of passages from Dr. Billings's writings, including a fragment of veritable autobiography.

*The apology of a German-American.*

In "A German-American's Confession of Faith" (Huebsch), Professor Kuno Francke of Harvard has brought together five articles and three poems already published in various newspapers and periodicals. Among the articles is the now famous open letter to Congressman Bartholdt on "Neutrality," which brings out clearly the difference between the author's undiluted Americanism and the rabid Teutonism of Messrs. Ridder, Viereck, and their congeners. In this connection, it is interesting to note the writer's statement that the letter was refused publication by the New York "Staats-Zeitung." For his moderation and tolerance, and his observance of the amenities during controversy, Professor Francke deserves commendation above other German-American apologists, and one is glad to think that he is the spokesman for many silent and thoughtful Americans of Teutonic descent who do not approve of the vociferous propaganda undertaken by their self-appointed leaders. Yet Professor Francke is very far from being a Carl Schurz. The latter was the product of Germany's noblest political idealism,—the revolutionary movement of 1848; Professor Francke has been bred under the star of Hohenzollern imperialism, and like most Germans of the professorial class is destitute of what we somewhat

ambiguously call "political sense." His ideal of government is a benevolent despotism in which the ills of the people are healed with paternal care. Germany's cause, as he sees it, is just, not because her manner of starting the war or her conduct in Belgium is justifiable (these are matters about which the author is significantly silent), but because "Germany to-day is the best governed country in the world." Here "best" plainly means "most efficiently." That the gap between this sort of political thinking and the ideals of American democracy is too wide to be bridged over by a few occasional pamphlets must surely be evident to Professor Francke's lucid and reflective mind.

*Handbooks on mind and health.* Mr. H. Addington Bruce is the editor of the "Mind and Health Series" (Little, Brown, & Co.)

of which three numbers have appeared. The first is by Dr. James J. Putnam, and deals with "Human Motives." It is a well chosen theme, and is presented with a quiet dignity and earnest purpose that is consoling when not convincing. Dr. Putnam finds two sources of motives,—one in the mental and genetic series of impulses to which we are all subject, and the other in the philosophical or religious inculcation, whence comes the support of ideals. The two, in his opinion, have an equal authenticity and an equal value. The theme, though attractively set forth, tends to merge into vagueness and lose the substantial groundwork that one looks for in a physician's outlook. The residue of good counsel justifies the essay. In the second volume of the series, Dr. Isador H. Coriat writes of "The Meaning of Dreams," finding that meaning in the Freudian notion of repressed wishes reconstructed by the dream motives of disguise and indirect expression. He sets forth the principle of interpretation, and adds a number of instances of dreams thus interpreted (largely in relation to sex desires and symbolisms) from his own records. Thus summarized and stated in loose order, they seem utterly unconvincing, and verge upon the strained logical contortions which Baconian "provers" of their Shakespearean positions have made familiar. It scarcely seems probable that the popularization of this movement by evidence thus inviting misconception on the part of the lay reader, serves any useful purpose. The third volume is by the editor of the series, and bears the title, "Sleep and Sleeplessness,"—though the longest chapter in the book deals with the somewhat irrelevant theme of "Dreams and the Supernatural." The volume is distinctly uneritical, and re-

peats the exploded "Caspar Hauser" myth as real evidence, while the view of premonitory dreams is hardly standard. The practical counsel offered by Mr. Bruce in regard to sleep and sleeplessness is sound and well put.

*A brief account of the hero of Appomattox.*

The twentieth volume in the series of "American Crisis Biographies" (Jacobs) is devoted to the soldier who saved the nation in the crisis of our Civil War. Mr. Franklin Spencer Edmonds is the author, and his book appropriately gives considerably more than half of its substance to Grant's services in the field from 1861 to 1865. Almost innumerable, as the writer admits, are the accounts we already have of the memorable deeds of this great military commander; but the lesson of his life will bear repeated interpretation with the passage of the years. Also, the publication in recent times of memoirs and letters by various friends and contemporaries of General Grant makes possible to-day a fuller and truer account of the man than ever before. Comparatively recent are, for example, the autobiographic and reminiscent writings of Generals Howard and James Harrison Wilson and Morris Schaff and Carl Schurz, the publication of Gideon Welles's diary, and the issue of General Meade's "Life and Letters." In his bibliography of important aids to the study of Grant's life, Mr. Edmonds makes no mention of the Howard autobiography, one of the most valuable and interesting of the military memoirs relating to our great conflict and its principal commanders; but he does quote some words of Howard's illustrative of Grant's methods as a soldier. Within the modest compass allowed him, the author has produced a handy and readable history of his hero, and one that bears evidences of more than perfunctory preliminary study. The frontispiece shows Grant as he looked at Appomattox, in the month of April, 1865. A useful chronological table precedes the reading matter, and certain official documents of relevant import follow it.

*Problems of unemployment.*

Although Miss Frances A. Kellogg makes no claim that her book "Out of Work" (Putnam) is other than a revision of her earlier work bearing the same title, the scope and content of the present book show little resemblance to those of the former edition. Unemployment continues to be our most difficult and perplexing social problem. No one can claim to have found a solution for this standing reproach to our modern industrial system. Yet it is some satisfaction to know that in

America as elsewhere the eleven years which have elapsed since the first edition of Miss Kellor's book appeared have borne some fruit in thoughtful attention to and hopeful plans for combatting the evil of enforced idleness. Such subjects as regularization of employment, dovetailing of industries, unemployment insurance, and vocational guidance, methods which are now the most urged by reformers for lessening unemployment or relieving it from its most serious consequences, were not discussed a decade ago. Miss Kellor's earlier work was devoted entirely to a study of employment agencies and intelligence offices. Considerable improvement in the work of the public agencies and better regulation of the private offices have taken place since then; but much remains to be done before these agencies for the distribution of labor are in a condition to render adequate service. Miss Kellor believes that the most hopeful development of this side of the work lies in the establishment of municipal employment bureaus coöperating with Federal agencies for the distribution of labor. She also urges an intensive study of the extent and causes of unemployment in every locality, and of the possibilities of increasing employment. The better organization of private industries with the purpose in view of reducing the long periods of idleness now found in the seasonal trades, and the planning of government work with a view to its performance in dull times, more intelligent direction of children in industry, and cautious experiments in the way of insurance against unemployment are the other more important features in the programme for America suggested in the closing chapter of the book.

*An inventor's  
autobiography.*

If proof is wanted that the first essential to success in the world is self-confidence, one need but turn to Sir Hiram S. Maxim's breezy relation of his own rise from obscurity and poverty to fame and fortune. From his first invention, a remarkably efficient mouse-trap, to his latest triumphs in smokeless powder and automatic guns, he has shown himself a man of endless resource, in shrewdness and capability and ingenuity entirely worthy of his Yankee birth and breeding. There is something splendid in his well-grounded faith in his own powers. Whether it was a wild bull to be subdued with bare hands, or a village bully to be laid low, or some inventive "stunt" to perform in mechanics, chemistry, electricity, or the fashioning of lethal weapons, he was always equal to the occasion; and his manner of recounting these triumphs is as

characteristic as his mode of achieving them. A certain primitive openness, directness, forcefulness, speaks in his pages. He writes exactly as a large and strong man who has done notable things in the world of matter and force ought to write; and he shows a memory for details, an ability to marshal his facts impressively and sometimes picturously, that one finds highly enjoyable. As an illustration of the versatility of his genius, let it be noted that Sir Hiram has invented an inhaler for the cure of bronchitis, of which, he says, "large numbers are now being sold all over the world." What wonder that, after fashioning so many instruments for the slaughter of his fellow-men, he takes pride in this device for saving their lives? The book, certainly one of the best of its kind, and bearing the short but sufficient title, "My Life" (McBride), is well illustrated and in other technical details worthy of its theme,—the history of a man who has always hated careless craftsmanship.

*A handbook  
on commission  
government.*

As an argument for commission government, Mr. Oswald Ryan's "Municipal Freedom," in the series called "The American Books" (Doubleday), leaves little to be desired. As an attempt to weigh commission government carefully and discriminate between its advantages and its deficiencies, it is very far from satisfactory. All the benefits to be secured by this wiping out of the entire structure of the old city government—the centralization of power and responsibility, the weakening of meaningless party lines, the emphasizing of honesty and efficiency—are enumerated, with detailed reference to the experience of various cities. But the author does not tell us why, as yet, commission government has seldom proved a notable success except in cities of the third or fourth class in population. He does not show the justice of the theory that city government is almost purely a business institution, with few legislative functions, or demonstrate how the decisions of a small body of expert executives in questions of policy will satisfy the public as would those of a representative assembly. One extraordinary feature is the chapter upon "The Coming of the Burgomaster," in which the author gives his hearty approval to the scheme for a city manager, apparently without fully realizing that in its essence it is very distinct from the commission form,—while even the commission-manager plan is a long step toward the view that municipal administration is an exact science rather than an opportunity for business knack. Much may indeed be hoped

from the innovations in city government; but books such as this will scarcely convince us that it is not the infusing spirit, as opposed to the machinery, that counts for most.

*A romance of  
love and war  
in old India.*

"Tis good to be two-and-twenty, with a fine troop of light dragoons at your back, a-setting out to seek your fortune, on a cool, brisk morning in an Indian spring. Eh, sirs! To hack your way to power with your own sword arm and your own resources behind you, what finer champagne for the imagination? Half the troopers were lads, too, agog to have their day, full of confidence in the lad who sat at their head, with old Ganesha Singh at the helm for wisdom in the evil ways of an Eastern world." Add that it all befell in "the days of the Freelance proper, the last decade of the eighteenth century," and that the central scene is laid in the beauteous vale of Kashmir. Then picture a glorious-visaged, sweet-hearted Afghan princess, in whose company our hero learned that "the desire for female beauty is at best the desire for a compelling deity in whose service men may strike their best notes." After that prepare your ear for strange legends of Christianity in this distant valley, and an echo of the "hundredth name of God" and the "omnific word." And if you will do all this, you may read a romance that will quicken your blood, and incidentally convey a very living conception of men's life and farings in a most picturesque land at a most stirring time. The story referred to, "A Freelance in Kashmir" (Longmans), is from the pen of Lieut.-Col. G. F. MacMunn, and is written in a style that is vigorous and forward-moving rather than scrupulously careful or highly polished. A few slips in the proofreading ought not to have been made; but they will probably be more irritating to conscientious reviewers than to anybody else.

*Beckoning  
waters.*

The unexplored immensity of this universe in which we live, its perennial freshness and wonderfulness, its endless multiplicity in unity, the fascination of its abiding mystery—these qualities speak in Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's "Vanishing Roads, and Other Essays" (Putnam), a collection of short prose studies and sketches reprinted from various magazines, whose editors the author thanks for their "discernment" in giving the pieces "their first opportunity with the reader." Discerning these editors unquestionably were, and one hopes that many additional readers will profit by the discernment of the publishing house which now issues the essays in book-form. Too

well known to require notice at this late day are Mr. Le Gallienne's engaging qualities as a writer of prose,—his sympathetic interpretation of nature, his enthusiasm for the best in literature and art, the breadth of his view of things human and divine, the occasional stimulating audacities of his thought and style. Generous in his praise and unequivocal in his condemnation, he expresses his opinions with no cautious restraint. Of a certain gifted actor's rendering of the final scene in "Hamlet" he says: "I would not exchange anything I have ever read or seen for Forbes-Robertson as he sits there so still and starlit upon the throne of Denmark." And of modern magazine editorship he writes with a plenitude of disapprobation that suggests no little experience (as a contributor) of that whereof he speaks. His picture of the nimble and sprightly old lady of eighty dancing the tango with him is most enjoyable. From the first of the book's twenty-nine chapters, the one that gives its name to the collection, let us quote, in closing, the concluding passage: "For a while the murmur of the running stream of Time shall be our fellow-wayfarer—till, at last, up there against the sky-line, we too turn and wave our hands, and know for ourselves where the road wends as it goes to meet the stars. And others will stand as we to-day and watch us reach the top of the ridge and disappear, and wonder how it seemed to us to turn the radiant corner and vanish with the rest along the vanishing road."

*A manual of  
wild bird  
culture.*

The ever-increasing need of constructive efforts to conserve the remnant of the wild fowl and other native birds grows rapidly apace as agriculture progresses and the forests disappear, and especially as drainage, reclamation, and flood-control destroy the feeding and breeding grounds of the water birds. The difficulties of taming the wild fowl, though great, are not insuperable; and losses from disease among domesticated wild fowl, especially quail and grouse, though depleting at times, may be avoided by proper preventive measures. These and many other practical matters of interest to the would-be cultivator of quail, grouse, pheasants, wild turkeys, partridges, pigeons, doves, and waterfowl generally are discussed in Mr. Herbert K. Job's "Propagation of Wild Birds" (Doubleday), a manual of applied ornithology designed to assist the experimenter and the culturist. It is a constructive work, based on wide observation of and experience with the birds whose culture is advocated. Illustrations show details of equipment and procedure, and

delineate the success of well-directed effort. Attention is also given to the method and equipment useful in encouraging native song birds to make their homes in garden, field, and forest. Winter feeding, nesting sites, nesting boxes, and water and food supply, are discussed, and methods of protection against and warfare on predatory enemies, not omitting the roaming house cat, are advocated. The book should do much to encourage the preservation of our native birds.

*Secession and  
slavery: an old  
view revised.*

Mr. Daniel Wait Howe's "Political History of Secession" (Putnam) is chiefly valuable, perhaps, as a document revealing the mellowing effect of the passage of time upon partisan feeling. That a citizen of Indiana, born of a line of Massachusetts Puritans, and himself a soldier in the Union army, has been able to write, in his later years, a book so evidently disposed to fairness constitutes a basis for optimism as to the progress of historical scholarship in America. One topic—African Slavery—is fundamental to the work. Mr. Howe shows that he has control of the original materials, and of the monographic literature of late years. His estimate of John Brown is far different from the traditional Northern view; and in connection with his narrative of the Dred Scott decision he has made use of the recently-published "Writings of James Buchanan." But while the topic of slavery is thus well documented and well developed, the emphasis upon this one subject is not in accord with the historical vision of to-day, which in the effort to account for the Civil War now insists upon an examination of other elements,—the influence of immigration and the diffusion of European race stocks, the development of the transcontinental railroads, and the like. Even as to negro slavery, the author has apparently left unexamined the writings of Mr. A. H. Stone and Mr. U. B. Phillips. Minor errors occur, such as the statement that Virginia ceded to the general government the territory now included in Kentucky (p. 10), and the statement that Arkansas was admitted to the Union in 1820 (p. 59). But notwithstanding such deficiencies as these, the work is a contribution to American history that was worth the doing.

*Origins and  
development of  
the ballade.*

The ballade is known almost entirely from two or three examples, the most perfect being the exquisite "Mais où sont les neiges d'antan" of Villon, and the next, not far removed, the beautiful "Truth, Balade de Bon Conseil" of Chaucer. In its revival in the nineteenth century, both in English and in

French, it is "a poetic trifle, rarely concerned with the solemnities of life." It is of this form, largely an artificial product in France and an exotic in England, that Miss Helen Louise Cohen has written an exhaustive monograph for the "Studies in English and Comparative Literature of Columbia University." The type took some four centuries to attain the rigidity of three stanzas and an envoy, and it lasted in France as form rather than as spirit for two centuries and a half more. Miss Cohen's treatise is from the nature of its subject not especially inspiring. It deals in some detail with the origins of the type from the Provencal *balada* and the *ballotte*, and considers it during the years after the fourteenth century when it was a conventional form for expression of more or less barren thoughts on religion, death, the transitoriness of existence (the "Ubi sunt" poems), courtly love, satire, and history. Considerably more attention is given to the ballade in Middle English in proportion to the frequency of its occurrence; in fact, Miss Cohen's work was begun as a study of the ballade in English. And yet with the exception of Chaucer there is hardly anything in this period worthy of preservation. A final chapter takes up the ballade in the nineteenth century in France and England. The book contains a goodly number of ballades not hitherto printed, and full bibliographies.

*A little-known  
period in  
Dutch history.*

Dr. Hendrik Willem Van Loon's "Rise of the Dutch Kingdom" (Doubleday) covers the unfortunate and little-known period between the flight of the Stadholder William V. before the soldiers of the French Republic in 1795 and the establishment of the constitutional monarchy under his son as William I. in 1814. Numerous Americans who have heard Dr. Van Loon lecture will recognize in his written work the same qualities that make his spoken discourse so entertaining,—a crisp and peripatetic style, light and easy movement, the presentation of essentials in clear relief, and a spicy humor. A month after he had finished a series of summer session lectures at the University of Wisconsin, Dr. Van Loon was on Belgian soil, where, on Christmas night, 1914, he dedicates his work "to the five soldiers of the Belgian army who saved my life near Waerloos," hoping "that their grandchildren may read a story of national revival which will be as complete and happy as that of our own land." Let us trust the story they read will be as lively an interpretation of the Belgian eclipse by Germany as Dr. Van Loon's is of the temporary obscuration of Holland by France.

BRIEFER MENTION.

A new edition, revised and enlarged, of George Palmer Putnam's "The World's Progress" has been continued to date under the editorial supervision of the compiler's son, Mr. George Haven Putnam, and is published under the title, "Tabular Views of Universal History" (Putnam). The original scheme has been preserved of presenting, in parallel columns, a record of the most noteworthy events in the world's history,—a scheme which adapts itself admirably to the needs of the student who wishes to memorize dates and events through the assistance of visual association. To this new edition is added an index—an indispensable aid for quick reference to a volume of this kind.

Two useful handbooks for those who conduct meetings under the rules of parliamentary law have recently been issued. The latest revision of "Robert's Rules of Order Revised" (Scott, Foresman & Co.) contains nearly twice as much material as the last previous edition of this little volume, which has practically been accepted as the standard manual on parliamentary points since its first publication in 1876. "Shattuck's Parliamentary Answers" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.) is "alphabetically arranged for all questions likely to arise in women's organizations." It is more informal than "Robert's Rules," and perhaps on that account may seem better adapted to the needs of the novice.

In "American Women in Civic Work" (Dodd), Miss Helen Christine Bennett has described the careers of eleven living American women who have attained distinction in some branch of social work or civic service. Portions of the sketches were printed originally in some of the popular magazines, and the readable quality which appeared in them has been preserved. Of the women whose public service is described, the best known, perhaps, are Jane Addams, Anna Howard Shaw, Ella Flagg Young, Lueretia L. Blankenburg, Frances A. Kellor, and Annie Fellows Bacon. The sketches are highly appreciative, even laudatory; yet in no instances do they become extravagant. There should be inspiration in them for women everywhere.

Teaching literature through emphasis on its human and personal aspects, through a study of the picturesque features of its background, and through an appeal to the dramatic instinct of the boy or girl of high-school age, has been the aim of Miss Maude Morrison Frank in the preparation of her little volume of five "Short Plays about Famous Authors" (Holt). The idea is novel and practical, and much helpful fun is in store for the pupils who decide under Miss Frank's guidance to impersonate Goldsmith entertaining Squire Featherston with school-boy swagger, Heine at twenty-one, Fanny Burney at Court, the family of the eleven-year-old Charles Dickens released from debt on Christmas Eve, or Shakespeare in the fairies' realm defying Time himself with the aid of Titania and Puck.

NOTES.

The views of Sir Oliver Lodge on "The War and After" will be published in book form at an early date.

"Towards International Government" is the title of a new work by Mr. John A. Hobson, which will be published shortly.

A new novel by Mr. Compton Mackenzie, author of "Carnival," etc., will be published in September under the title of "Guy and Pauline."

Maxim Gorky's vivid autobiographic memoirs of his childhood and youth, now appearing in "The English Review," will be brought out in book form by the Century Co.

"The Mask of Death," an autobiographical fragment by Gabriele D'Annunzio, has been translated with an introduction by Arundel del Re, and will be published before long in London.

"The Admirable Painter: A Study of Leonardo da Vinci," by Mr. A. J. Anderson, based on the painter's notebooks, and illustrated with reproductions of his works, is soon to appear.

Mrs. John Lane has in the press a companion volume to her sprightly book, "According to Maria," entitled "Maria Again." It will shortly be published in this country by the John Lane Co.

"An American Garland," being a collection of ballads relating to America, 1563-1759, has been compiled and edited by Professor C. H. Firth, and will be published early in September by Mr. B. H. Blackwell of Oxford.

"Sunset Balconies" is the title of a new volume of poems by Mr. Thomas Walsh—his first since the appearance five years ago of "Prison Ships and Other Poems"—which the Macmillan Co. plan to issue next month.

The new novel of Irish life by George A. Birmingham, which will appear next month under the title of "Gossamer," is brought down to the world crisis in August last, and culminates in the effect on the lives and fortunes of its characters of the declaration of war.

A coming addition to the books about the Kaiser will be Mr. Edward Legge's "The Public and Private Life of Wilhelm II.," to be published shortly. Mr. Legge is the author of biographies of King Edward VII. and the Empress Eugénie, both of which have won considerable attention.

A book of personal reminiscences and impressions of Bronson Alcott and his family, by a friend of the famous transcendentalist, is announced in the volume of "Alcott Memoirs," compiled from the papers, journals, and memoranda of the late Dr. Frederick L. H. Willis. In a literary way, the book is likely to prove one of the most interesting of the autumn season.

A new romance by Mr. Anthony Hope, entitled, "A Young Man's Year"—the first novel to come from the author since the publication four years ago of "Mrs. Maxon Protests"—is announced for autumn publication. The hero of "A Young Man's Year" is "Arthur Lisle, of the Middle

Temple, Esquire," and the story recounts his fortunes and his doings, professional, speculative, and venturesome.

Under the title of "The Superman in Modern Literature" there will shortly be published the translation of a work by Leo Berg, tracing the genesis of the superman idea far beyond the days of Nietzsche, through a great number of writers, many of them outside Germany, including Carlyle, Emerson, Kierkegaard, Flaubert, and Renan, showing how the superman idea has permeated the work of modern poets and novelists, especially in Germany.

Undeterred by the storm of contumely brought down upon him by the publication of his "Common Sense about the War," Mr. Bernard Shaw is planning the early publication of a detailed discussion of the settlement that must follow the war. "I am the gravest public danger that confronts England," announced Mr. Shaw recently, "because I have the strange power of turning the nation passionately away from the truth by the simple act of uttering it."

Thomas Young Crowell, founder and for many years head of the publishing business now known as the Thomas Y. Crowell Co., died in Montclair, New Jersey, on July 29. Mr. Crowell was a prominent figure among the older school of American publishers. In the work of making the classics of literature available at a low price in well-produced form he was almost a pioneer in this country; and on other accounts, also, his name deserves to be held in honored remembrance in the annals of American publishing.

Some sidelights on the Franco-Prussian war and the establishment of the Third Republic are promised in the "Memoirs of M. Thiers," to be published shortly. The book is compiled from personal papers, notes, memoranda, and other documents left by Thiers. A selection of these, dealing with the years 1870-1872, was edited by Thiers's sister-in-law and his former secretary, and printed in France for private circulation. The book has now been translated into English by Mr. F. M. Atkinson.

Mr. Richard Whiteing's volume of reminiscences, to be called "My Harvest," will be published in the early autumn. It gives an account of Mr. Whiteing's early life in London and of his first journalistic efforts on the "Evening Star," with Justin McCarthy as editor, and William Black and Sir Edward Russell as his colleagues. Mr. Whiteing was a special correspondent in Paris during the closing years of the Second Empire, and his book has something to say about Taine, Flaubert, the younger Dumas, Octave Feuillet, and other French men of letters.

Our readers will welcome the announcement that Mr. Edmund Gosse has at last finished his "Life of Swinburne," though the book will not be published until after the war. Another book now ready for the press is a collection of Swinburne's posthumous poems, edited by Mr. Gosse and Mr. Thomas J. Wise; while Mr. Gosse has also in preparation a selection from Swinburne's corre-

spondence. Mr. Gosse has had at his disposal all the Houghton manuscripts, and he has received help from Lord Morley, Lord Bryce, and other surviving friends of Swinburne.

An original edition is to be published of a thirteenth-century French religious poem in praise of the Virgin Mary, "Li Romans dou Lis," contained in a unique manuscript in the library of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. The manuscript formerly belonged to Lord Ashburnham. A critical introduction was written by the late Dr. Frederick C. Ostrander, Adjunct Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Texas, as a memorial to whom the present edition is being issued by Mr. Morgan through the Columbia University Press. The poem itself, which is in strophic form, and composed in various metres, numbers over 4200 verses.

Under the title of "Makers of the Nineteenth Century," Messrs. Holt, in conjunction with an English publishing house, have in preparation a new series of biographies, of which Mr. Basil Williams, the biographer of Chatham, is to be the general editor. Most of the books will deal with Englishmen and Americans, but it is also intended to include biographies of men of all countries who have had a definite influence on thought or action in the nineteenth century. The first four volumes to appear will be "John Delane" by Sir E. T. Cook, "Abraham Lincoln" by Lord Charnwood, "Herbert Spencer" by Mr. Hugh S. Elliot, and "Abdul Hamid" by Sir Edwin Pears. Biographies of Cecil Rhodes, Victor Hugo, General Lee, and Lord Shaftesbury are also in preparation.

The announcement of a newly collected edition of Mrs. Aphra Behn's works is followed by news of a study of "The Life and Romances of Mrs. Eliza Haywood," who was described by Horace Walpole as the counterpart of Mrs. Behn, and by Swift as a "stupid, infamous, scribbling woman." It was Pope, however, who gave Mrs. Haywood her most unenviable immortality—in some of his coarsest lines in the "Dunciad"—for following the example of Mrs. Manley, and "such shameless scribblers," in repeating in her tales the scandalous gossip of her day. The forthcoming book on the life and romances of her contemporary, Mrs. Haywood, has been written by Dr. George F. Whicher, of the University of Illinois, for the "Columbia University Studies in English and Comparative Literature."

We learn by way of London of a forthcoming study of "William Wordsworth: His Life, Works, and Influence," by Professor George McLean Harper, of Princeton University, to whom we already owe a critical biography of Sainte-Beuve. It is based to a large extent on fresh material, and, in particular, will add to our knowledge of Wordsworth's connection with the French Revolution, and of his visit to France in 1791, when he became intimately acquainted with the republican General Beauvais. Professor Harper has also been able to throw fresh light upon other periods of Wordsworth's career, about which scarcely any information has been available hitherto. The book, which

promises to be one of considerable importance as a contribution to the study of Wordsworth's life and thought, will be published in the autumn.

Taking advantage of the opportunity presented by the elimination of the Tauchnitz Series in France, Russia, and Italy, Monsieur Louis Conard, the Paris publisher, announces for publication in the English language throughout the Continent of Europe a series of the latest (and forthcoming) copyrighted novels of the leading British and American authors. It was at first intended to await the conclusion of the present war before launching this enterprise, but it has been decided to begin publication at once with "Bealby," the new story by Mr. H. G. Wells, and "Deli Blanchflower," the latest novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward. During the war new books will be issued at the rate of at least one a month. Later in the year, it is hoped to put forth books at the rate of one a week. The series is to be published at two francs a volume.

A publication that has enjoyed wide popularity in England recently is "The Book of France," edited by Miss Winifred Stephens, and published in aid of the fund organized by the French Parliamentary Committee for the relief of the invaded Departments. Except that it begins with an address by Mr. Henry James, and closes with a poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, all the articles are the work of French men of letters. But the feature of the book is that, following each article, there appears a translation by some of our most distinguished English writers. Mr. Thomas Hardy is responsible for two extracts—a tribute to Great Britain by M. J. H. Roany, and, and some reflections on the invasion of France by M. Remy de Gourmont; as a rule, he keeps close to his original, though he sometimes employs a more expressive word, in one place rendering "notre sentiment" by "our heart's wound." Mr. Henry James's version of "The Saints of France" by M. Maurice Barrès is quite in the style of Mr. Henry James; while Mr. H. G. Wells's translation of his own name deserves to be noticed. M. Anatole France wrote, in his opening sentence: "Ils se réalisent les rêves prophétiques de H. G. Wells." Mr. Wells translates this as follows: "The prophetic nightmares of our scientific fantasies are being lamentably realized."

The author of "God's Fool," who in the quarter-century of his literary activity wrote almost a score of successful novels—all under the pseudonym, "Maarten Maartens"—died on the fourth of this month at the age of fifty-seven years lacking eleven days. Joost Marius Willem Van der Poorten-Schwartz, as the novelist was known to his relatives and friends, was born at Amsterdam, spent much of his boyhood in England, was educated at the Royal Gymnasium in Bonn and the University of Utrecht, studied law and afterward lectured on law at the same university, but ultimately chose literature for a profession, achieving his first decided success therein with his novel, "The Son of Joost Avelingh." Then in rapid sequence came "An Old Maid's Love," "A Question of Taste," "God's

Fool," "The Greater Glory," and the rest of the now familiar stories that have made the writer's name famous in many lands; for he has been translated extensively, even, against his will (as it is said), into Dutch. Perhaps the unflattering quality of his pen-pictures of the middle-class society of Holland may help to explain his choice of a foreign language as his vehicle of expression, and his reluctance to have his books translated into his native tongue. Though not to be ranked with the immortals, Maarten Maartens won well-deserved fame as an unsparingly truthful delineator of Dutch character, and his achievement is the more remarkable from his self-imposed handicap of an alien idiom in which to command the attention of the public.

#### TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

August, 1915.

"A. E.": Irish Mystic and Economist. E. A. Boyd	No. Amer.
Actress, Autobiography of an America and World Peace. Arthur Bullard	Everybody's Century
America First! George Harvey	No. Amer.
Architectural Modeling. Percy Collins	Am. Homes
Arms, Phantom. Mrs. St. John Mildmay	No. Amer.
Art, Modern. Marius De Zayas	Forum
Art in the Trenches. Armand Dayot	Century
Artist, Education of the. C. G. La Farge	Scribner
Bacon, Friar Roger. Frederic Harrison	No. Amer.
Book-plates. Gardner Teall	Am. Homes
Bryan, W. J., Position of. G. F. Milton	Rev. of Revs.
Cape Cod Farmhouse, A Remodeled. Jeannette L. Hubert	Am. Homes
Choiseul, Madame de. Gamaliel Bradford	Sevens
Christ and War. J. M. Wilson	Hibbert
Churchill, Winston, Country of. Brooks Henderson	Bookman
Clematis. Gardner Teall	Am. Homes
Colonial Seats in Philadelphia. H. D. Eberlein	Am. Homes
Congestion, Cost of. Agnes Laut	World's Work
Consciousness, Distant. Waldo E. Forbes	Atlantic
Cooperation and Foreign Trade. W. F. Wyman	World's Work
Cotton and Other Crops. Edward Ingle	Rev. of Revs.
Dahmey, Richard. Earl L. Bradsher	Sevens
Democracy, Duplicity of. Alfred H. Lloyd	Am. Jour. Sc.
Dostoevsky, Art of. W. B. Tritts	No. Amer.
Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. James Huneker	Forum
Dover House, A Remodeled. Mary H. Northend	Am. Homes
Drink in France, Fighting. Arno Doest	World's Work
East, Wild, of Europe. Burton J. Hendrick	World's Work
Educational Fantasy. An. Winifred Kirkland	Atlantic
Embroidery, Leaf Borders for. Monica Bastin	Am. Homes
Force, Moral Sanction of. Norman Smith	Hibbert
Forestry Situation, The. A. E. Hawes	Pop. Sc.
Frost, Robert. Edward Garnett	Atlantic
German Spirit, America and the. J. H. Crooker	Hibbert
Germany, Behind the Scenes in. Eva Madden	Hibbert
Golden Rule, The. E. A. Sonnenchein	Hibbert
Green Mountains, In the. Louise C. Hale	Century
Harvard Library, The New. W. J. Price	Sevens
Henry Street, The House on—VI. Lillian D. Wald	Atlantic
Industrial Art, Exhibition of. Howard James	Am. Homes
Inscriptions, Old English. Bernard Holland	Hibbert
Lazarovich, Princess. Reminiscences of—I.	Century
Legislation, Initiation of. Edgar Dawson	Sevens
Life, The Waste of. Elaine G. Eastman	Pop. Sc.
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